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HOW QUICKLY WE FORGET.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

When I have been long gone, if one I love,
And who loves me, shall chance upon a ring
That I have worn, or any simple thing,—
A knot of ribbon or a faded glove,—
I wonder if the sight of it will move
To fond remembrance, and if tears will spring,
And if the sudden memory will bring
A sudden sadness over field and grove.

Perhaps; and yet how quickly we forget:
And how new scenes, new faces that we meet
Crowd out the old, until the world grows gay
Above forgotten graves. Softest regret
Grows stale by keeping; and, however sweet
No Past has quite the sweetness of To-Day.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

UNLESS I am greatly mistaken," Lady Marcia thought, "Daphne Erlecote will be Countess of Cradoc."

She wrote at once a kind invitation to Daphne, who showed it to the Earl.

"I can hardly believe," she said, "that I shall see Poole;" for, though Lord Cradoc had spent many an hour telling her of the glories of the ancient place, she was still as ignorant of his real errand as she was on the day they first met.

"There is one thing I must say and do, even at the risk of offending you, Daphne," said the Earl.

"What is it?" she asked.

There were warm affection and the greatest confidence between them.

"You have trusted me entirely, and I know how, while your father lives in an Elysium of his own, and dreams of himself as a great benefactor to the human race, he leaves you scarcely a penny for your dress.

"So, Daphne, for your mother's sake, you must take this from me. I offer it in her name.

"She would not wish you to appear amongst your kinsfolk in a manner unworthy of her.

"Take this, my dear; spend every cent on yourself, and remember that you have a name and position to sustain."

When the Earl left her and Daphne opened the envelope he had placed in her hand, she was surprised to find that it contained a cheque for seven hundred and fifty dollars.

She laughed at first, thinking that such a sum would provide dress for her during the remainder of her natural life; but when she went to Mrs. Grey, the principal milliner of Northfield, she found that to supply morning-dresses, outdoor costumes, and evening toilettes there was none too much.

Lord Cradoc had not been idle during his stay at Northfield.

He went to see the building which was destined to be the future "Erlecote Gallery."

He made inquiries in all quarters about Mr. Erlecote.

He found that every one expressed the same opinion of him; he was a genius, but mad about his one idea.

He found, too, that the inhabitants of Northfield had no particular wish to be educated in art, that most people were of his own way of thinking—that it would have been better had Mr. Erlecote thought more of his wife, home, and child than his hobby.

He heard many anecdotes which illustrated the selfish character of the artist, his vanity and self-conceit—many others which illustrated the noble generosity and self-sacrificing spirit of Daphne.

Every one loved and admired her; every one spoke well of her.

He did what he could to remedy the extreme poverty of the household at the old Manor House; but he had to plead with Daphne for permission.

She was so proud and so sensitive that he had to beg for it almost as a favor to himself.

He had also begged permission to have the grounds and gardens restored to their former beauty; and then he made arrangements for their being kept in order. Lord Cradoc had made a friend of Marjory, who helped him with all her heart.

The old servant saw farther than the artist and daughter, who were both singularly unworldly.

She felt sure that, if the Earl's sons were both dead, he had not sought beautiful Miss Daphne without a purpose; but no such thought ever entered Daphne's mind.

October was drawing to a close when Lord Cradoc left Northfield.

By that time a very warm and sincere affection had sprung up between him and Daphne.

She was sorry to lose him and he was sorry to depart.

It was arranged that she should go to Poole in a week or two, by which time he would be at home again.

And then the Earl spoke to her of Irene Ryeford.

The name was unknown to her; her mother had never spoken of the Ryefords. But Daphne's face brightened.

"I have never had a girl-friend in all my life," she said.

"Here in Northfield there is no one for me to associate with.

"Papa will not allow me to visit the townspeople, and the country-people do not invite me; so that I am quite alone."

"It will not be for long, Daphne," said the Earl.

She thanked him, telling him what a change he had wrought in her life, and how grateful she was to him.

Lord Cradoc, when saying good-bye to Mr. Erlecote, would have liked very much to speak to him of his daughter, to say something of her probable future; but of what avail would it have been to a man who looked upon his child simply as a beautiful picture?

He went away without any one, save old Marjory, having the least idea of the object of his visit.

He proceeded at once to London, feeling, as he owned to himself, all the better and brighter for his journey, and for his constant companionship with Daphne.

He had decided to go to his town-house, again making business his pretext; he could then call on Lady Ryeford; but he reflected that it would be better to write first.

He could not expect to find Lady Ryeford and her daughter as simple as the Erlecotes.

Aldbury House, as the Earl's town-mansion was called, was situated in Belgravia. He had always kept a full establishment of servants there, so that, if ever anything came upon the *tapis* likely to interest himself or the boys, they could run up to town at once.

On his arrival he read in the faces of the old servants profound sorrow for his great loss.

The next day he wrote a little note to Lady Ryeford, saying simply that business had brought him to town, and that he should be pleased to do himself the honor of calling upon her.

An answer came in an envelope edged with deepest black.

The letter was signed in an elegant flowing hand—"Eleanor Ryeford, *nee* Hyde."

A smile—almost the first seen on his face since his loss—came over the Earl's face.

"There is no fear of our relationship being unknown here," he said to himself. "'Eleanor Ryeford, *nee* Hyde' has every detail by heart, I am sure."

He found that Sir Alton Ryeford had been a city man, who was knighted on the occasion of some famous royal progress. At that time he had been wealthy, and had lavished his money freely enough on all the luxuries of life.

His handsome wife had helped him to spend, and they had been first and foremost in their own set.

Then suddenly Sir Alton had lost most of his fortune in some rash speculation, and the loss broke his heart.

But Lady Ryeford had what she was always pleased to call her marriage-settlements, and she had her house in Park Lane.

She lost none of her dignity with her loss of position.

Her daughter, rumor said, was extremely beautiful and Lady Ryeford relied on her making a great marriage.

"Very different people from the Erlecotes," thought the Earl, as his carriage stopped before the *bijou* residence in Park Lane; and the tall footman who opened the door in reply to his inquiry announced that Lady Ryeford was at home.

* * * * * * *

No. 90, Park Lane, was essentially one of those houses that give an impression, no one quite knows why, of limited means and "keeping up appearances."

The servants lived on board-wages, and there were no perquisites.

Lady Ryeford was an accomplished housekeeper.

Her servants respected her the more that every loaf of bread had to be accounted for.

There was not only no waste, but there was no chance to waste.

To make three thousand dollars per annum do the work of ten thousand dollars was the end and aim of her ambition; to hide the fallen state of her fortunes from the gay world was her chief study.

No. 90 was a small house, but it had been furnished in the most exquisite taste by the late Sir Alton.

There was a handsome drawing-room, all blue and gold, opening into the conservatory, which had been Lady Ryeford's only pride.

Perhaps no room in London was furnished with greater luxury or in better taste—"a shrine for beauty" some of Lady Ryeford's friends had called it.

Sir Alton had also purchased some very fine plate—and Lady Ryeford was one of those peculiar people who would rather eat cold mutton off silver than the greatest delicacies off china.

Before Lord Cradoc called there had been a very characteristic scene in the *bijou* residence in Park Lane.

Lady Ryeford, before she left her room, rang her bell and sent for her daughter. She held an open letter in her hand.

"Irene," she said, when the girl appeared "I hope you are going to listen to me. I give you good advice very often but you neglect it."

A look half defiant, half contemptuous came into the dark eyes.

"Let me hear what you wish, mamma; I will try to please you."

"You have never heard me boast of my family, Irene, although your poor father knew all about them."

"About whom, mamma?"

"About my family.

"He knew for instance, that I was related to the Hydes, and distantly related to the Cradocs, one of the oldest families in England;" and here the lady paused, overcome by the thought.

"Well, mamma?" said Irene very resignedly.

"I married beneath me, there is no doubt," continued Lady Ryeford, the white lace fluttering at her throat; "but I shall regain my place in society now. The Earl of Cradoc has written to me."

She did not add that she had almost forgotten the fact that she was related to Lord Cradoc, and that in past years, beyond enabling her to boast to a few very intimate friends, the knowledge of the relationship had been useless to her.

Sir Alton Ryeford did not care to hear of the Cradocs; his "set" was quite different from the Earl's, and he was disinclined to speak of a relationship to those who, in their turn, would never acknowledge him.

"Lord Cradoc has written to me," repeated her ladyship; "and I need hardly say what extreme pleasure his letter has given me."

"No doubt, mamma," said her daughter drily.

"I do not like satire, my dear Irene. Pray remember that. What I wish to say to you is this.

"Do you remember reading some three months since of the wreck of the Princess Maud?"

"Yes, I remember something of it, mamma—not much."

"Unless I am mistaken—and most sincerely trust I am—the Earl has lost two sons in the wreck.

"How can we find out whether such is the fact?"

"We have the *Times* filed, mamma; you forget that you wished me always to keep them."

"Yes, certainly; they are so useful for reference. Go down now, Irene, and look for me. I think it is nearly three months since."

Obediently enough Irene Ryeford went to the little room that Sir Alton had used as a study.

There she looked patiently through the papers until she found what she sought, and then she returned with it to Lady Ryeford.

"You are right, mamma. Here is a full account of the wreck. The Earl lost both his sons, Alaric and Albert. What a terrible calamity!"

Lady Ryeford was all attention.

"Does it say anything about the succession, Irene?

"Give me the paper."

She read the paragraph eagerly.

"No, there is not one word. What a dreadful thing it seems—both sons lost in such a terrible fashion! Of course there may be an heir somewhere; or the Earl may marry again. He is not what one would call an old man. I wonder why he has looked us up in this very friendly fashion?"

And Lady Ryeford paused for a few minutes to collect her thoughts, and to wonder if any rumor of her charms and fascinations could have reached him.

"One thing must be attended to at once, Irene," she said; "and understand that I speak imperatively.

"We must have two complete mourning outfits."

"What nonsense, mamma?" cried Irene. "Why should we wear mourning for people we never seen?

"We did not even know that they were related to us; and they have been dead three months."

"My dear Irene, I know best what is due to the Earl's position.

"He will be only too ready to appreciate the compliment.

"Henrietta must go at once."

"Where and what for, mamma?"

"To Jay's.

"They have ready-made dresses suitable for every kind of affliction. Ours must be mitigated—no crape. Rely upon it, the Earl will be pleased with what is a very delicate attention."

"Why should you seek to please a man who has lived the greater part of his life without bestowing a thought upon you?"

"When you are a little older and a little wiser, you will not ask such foolish questions.

Now remember, when the Earl calls, he must find you looking your best, in your most amiable mood and dressed in slight mourning. Let me have no more trouble about it."

"Mamma," asked the girl, with a dangerous gleam in her dark eyes, "will there ever come a time when we shall live without playing a part? We are always pretending.

"Why can we not be natural as other people are?"

Lady Ryeford's face darkened. She was ill-pleased when her daughter's conversation took this turn.

"I have no leisure for argument now, Irene, and there is no time to lose. See Henrietta at once; I would not have the Earl find us in ordinary morning-attire for the whole world.

"Order slight mourning—black, with delicate shades of relief; Henrietta will know exactly what I mean."

There was no more to be said. Irene went to obey a command for which she felt the greatest contempt, and Lady Ryeford felt lighter of heart than she had for many years.

Lady Ryeford was one of those women who abominate poverty.

She liked magnificent houses, carpets of velvet pile, hot-house flowers, fine horses, luxurious carriages; she liked plenty of well-mannered servants, detesting the trouble of doing even the smallest thing for herself.

She enjoyed choice wines, costly dishes elegant dresses.

She liked plenty of society; she revelled in the incense and applause that the world offers only to those who have money, having long since come to the conclusion that the best thing on earth was money.

Love, honor, integrity, fame, were all good in their way, if accompanied by money—but not otherwise.

Till within a short period of her husband's death Lady Ryeford had enjoyed the advantages of a large fortune; she had not been compelled to ask the cost of any luxury on which she had fixed her heart; her purse was always full, her credit unlimited.

But since his ruin and death it had been otherwise.

Still she had resolved to keep up appearances—and people little know how plainly the handsome mother and her beautiful daughter lived or how they fared.

No one who saw them elegantly dressed guessed how many hours they spent with the maid stitching—stitching until both body and mind were weary; no one who saw them bright and smiling could have imagined what they bore or what privations they suffered in order to make a brave show to the world.

To Lady Ryeford however her lot was detestable.

She drank thin claret, and longed for choice champagne.

She drove in a hired brougham, and longed for a carriage of her own.

She wore dresses that were turned and dyed, longing for choice materials of the latest fashion.

She was compelled to think again and again how many cents made a dollar before she spent one—all of which was unutterably hateful to her.

She had thoughts that she might perhaps captivate some wealthy City magnate; but, handsome as she was and well fitted to be the mistress of a fine establishment, all her schemes had hitherto failed.

Irene differed greatly from her mother. She was wholly truthful.

She hated everything that was false, mean, or artificial.

Had she been consulted, they would have lived on their income, and in just such a position as that income warranted; but that was the last thing Lady Ryeford could have tolerated, and there was nothing for Irene but submission.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD CRADOC entertained some little feeling of curiosity as he was ushered into the entrance-hall and taken thence the pretty artistic drawing-room.

What would she be like, this other girl who equally with Daphne had a claim upon him?

Not surely so gracious and lovely, not so fair and sweet as Daphne.

Still she might have a charm of her own.

He hardly liked to own to himself how his heart beat and his pulses thrilled.

The footman announced the Earl of Cradoc.

Entering the room in which poor Sir Alton had taken such pride, he saw before him a tall handsome woman dressed in slight mourning, who held out to him a white hand glittering with rings. A very sweet and well-modulated voice said in the most gentle accents—

"Lord Cradoc! How pleased I am to see you!"

She was certainly a handsome woman, with a fair face and fair hair, pleasant, graceful, well-bred; yet her manner conveyed to the Earl—he could scarcely tell how—the impression that she was false.

They exchanged a few words of courteous greeting, and then Lady Ryeford, turning to her daughter, took her by the hand.

"This is my daughter Irene, Lord Cradoc," she said, watching with eager eyes the impression that Irene made upon him.

She was quite unlike Daphne, having a dark loveliness that made the hearts of men beat faster as they gazed upon her.

No one would have dreamed that she was descended from the blue-eyed, fair-haired Cradocs.

For she had all the brilliant coloring of the daughters of sunny Spain, dark eyes with long dark lashes, an oval face beautiful in contour, with a mouth perfect in its lines—not like Daphne's, sweet and sensitive, but regal in its scorn.

Though unlike Daphne, she was even more lovely in her particular style, Lord Cradoc thought.

Was this the future Countess of Cradoc? If so, she would be indeed a queenly one. He bowed before her with a deference that he had not shown to Daphne; but his heart did not warm to her in the same fashion.

Irene said nothing.

She simply bowed to the Earl—for there was little need for any one to talk when Lady Ryeford was present.

The elder woman saw that the Earl's attention was riveted at once by the slight mourning; his eyes sought her face instinctively.

"My first words should rather have been of condolence than of welcome," she then said.

"What a terrible blow for you! Irene and I were distressed to read the sad intelligence."

And the astute woman of the world knew by the softened expression of the Earl's face that she had said the right thing.

Then she placed a comfortable chair for him.

He looked earnestly at Irene. During all this time she had not spoken, but sat looking out the window, as though the scene had no interest for her.

He thought what a true noble face hers was.

Yet there was something in it that he had not read in Daphne's—he could not tell what, whether it was pleasure or pain, light or shadow.

In Daphne's blue eyes lay the light of heaven and of happy childhood.

In Irene's dark eyes lay that to which he could give no name—"the light that never shone on land or sea."

As he watched her, his interest in her increased.

Why did she persist in looking through the window and ignoring him?

At last he rose from his seat and went to her.

He laid one hand gently on hers.

"My dear," he said, "have you no welcome for me?"

A deep rose-flush covered her face; she looked up at him with tears in her dark eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Cradoc," she said. "Yes, certainly, I do bid you welcome."

"I do not wish to win sympathy under false pretences," he remarked; "but the light and music being gone from my own home, I am trying to borrow some from others."

"I was grieved to read the story of your loss," she said.

"But it must console you that your boys died so bravely."

"It does console me," he replied. "I should not have liked them to go down with a coward's cry on their lips."

Her face seemed in a moment to have caught the light from his.

"No," she said; "it is better to die a brave death than live a shamed life."

Lady Ryeford came gliding towards them.

"My dearest Irene," she said languidly, "what can you know of such things? A shamed life is as a sealed book to you."

"Is it mamma?"

Lady Ryeford hastened to continue, fearing her daughter might say something that it would be impossible to smile or gloss over.

"Irene has strange notions, Lord Cradoc," she said.

"I often tell her that she is a feminine Don Quixote.

"She runs still at all kinds of imaginary enemies."

The Earl did not altogether dislike the character given to her.

His heart warmed when she looked at him with a bright smile on her face and said——

"My likes and dislikes are rather too pronounced for mamma.

"She likes a dead level of amiable opinion and I do not."

"You have ideas and opinions of your own," remarked the Earl, smiling in his turn.

Lady Ryeford was well pleased to find them getting on so well together.

The girl's quick passionate impulsiveness pleased the Earl.

He liked the gleam of the dark eyes, the proud fashion in which she carried herself the quick flash of satire, and the graceful imperiousness of her manner.

Her charm was not the charm of girlhood such as had made Daphne seem so fair to him.

It was the subtle fascination of a beautiful woman.

He turned suddenly to Lady Ryeford.

"Your daughter does not resemble the Cradocs," he said. "They are all fair; she is dark."

"Yes,

"I have more of the Cradoc characteristics than Irene possesses," answered Lady Ryeford.

"I am like my father," said Irene simply. "He was very tall and dark."

Lady Ryeford looked distressed.

She certainly did not wish details of the late Sir Alton's family to be brought to light, especially in the presence of her aristocratic kinsman.

The Earl grew more and more interested in Irene.

He saw that she had great originality of character, and that she was beautiful enough to win the hardest, coldest of hearts.

Then he told them of his journey to Northfield, of the old Manor House, of the solitary artist with but one idea.

"I want you to know Daphne Erlecote," he said to Irene.

"She is going to spend the autumn at Poole with Lady Marcia Hyde and myself. I shall be delighted if Lady Ryeford and you would join us."

Lady Ryeford's face beamed with delight. In the most ambitious dream of her life she had never thought of going to Poole, which had been in her eyes like some palatial royal residence.

"You are very kind," said Irene gently. "What does mamma say?"

"I say," responded Lady Ryeford, "that it will be the proudest and happiest moment of my life."

Then Lady Ryeford became very interested about Lady Marcia Hyde.

But the Earl did not tell the story of her dream here as he had at Northfield; he felt that they would neither understand nor sympathize.

"Of what are you thinking so deeply?" he asked, as Irene's dark eyes rested on him.

"I was thinking," she replied, "of what you have said about Daphne Erlecote. You hope I shall like her; do you think she will like me?"

"Yes," said the Earl boldly: "that I do most decidedly."

"I am not greatly interested in pictures," confessed Irene.

"Music is the one thing for which I care."

"You will doubtless like each other all the better from having different tastes," he said.

And then, after accepting an invitation to dinner for the next day, Lord Cradoc went away delighted and bewildered.

How good it was for them to go in mourning for his sons!

He felt grateful, as though a favor had been conferred upon him.

Lady Marcia Hyde was puzzled by the letter she received the next day.

"I have seen Irene Ryeford," wrote the Earl.

"She is one of the most strikingly handsome women I have ever beheld—stately and gracious, with a dark face indicative of passion and strength.

"You will be delighted with her. She will meet Daphne in a fortnight's time. Lady Ryeford comes with her; but she is quite commonplace by her daughter's side—harmless, inoffensive, and what you ladies call 'fussy.' Irene is calm noble, and stately."

"I wonder," thought kindly Lady Marcia as she read, "if my brother-in-law is really a good judge of character or not?"

And in the after-time she recalled her doubts on the matter.

CHAPTER V.

LORD CRADOC did not remain in town so long as he had anticipated. There was not the charm of novelty such as he had found at Northfield.

While Irene was most dignified and agreeable she had not the bright happy character of Daphne.

He was doubtful about Lady Ryeford. With all her suavity and sweetness of manner, there seemed to him a false ring about her.

She was most genial and courteous, kind and hospitable.

He reproached himself for his distrust of her; but he could not overcome it.

It seemed to him that Lady Ryeford was much more pleased with the invitation to Poole than Irene.

The mother spoke of it continually, the daughter never.

The Earl was somewhat puzzled by Irene; she was an enigma to him.

He saw that Lady Ryeford, while passionately fond of her daughter, yet stood in some little awe of her.

To have understood Irene he would have had to be acquainted with her history from childhood—how, with an innate love of truth and honesty and a deep hatred of all shams, pettiness, and meanness, during the greater part of her life she had lived in an atmosphere of deceit.

She had seen her mother, in order to keep up appearances, stoop to degrading subterfuges, false excuses, double-dealing.

"Why do you speak as you do, mamma, when you know that it is not true?" was the girl's despairing cry.

"Why do you seek to convey false impressions?"

"My dearest Irene unless we keep up appearances we are ruined," Lady Ryeford would answer.

"Then let us be ruined; but let us at least be honest.

"This absurd farce of always pretending to be what we are not degrades us in the end.

"You cannot alter the fact that our circumstances have been straitened since papa's death."

"You need not insult me, Irene, by speaking of my poverty in my face. It is all my misfortune, not my fault."

"I see nothing in it of which to be ashamed."

"You do not understand the world," groaned Lady Ryeford; "and I begin to despair of your ever doing so."

"I never wish to do so," said Irene, "if it is likely to make me untruthful and false."

So mother and daughter talked and argued unceasingly, Lady Ryeford in despair, Irene trying in vain to convince her mother how contemptible subterfuges were.

The season over, Lady Ryeford who could not afford to leave town, would shut herself and her daughter in the back rooms.

But when afterwards she talked enthusiastically of her visit to Cowes or Ryde, Irene would sit with a face so uncompromising that Lady Ryeford felt her efforts were almost vain.

If she had been simply weak or vain, she might have born such conduct better, but she was ambitious.

Her plans and manœuvres were all arranged with a view to her own self-aggrandisement.

What she suffered when wealth failed could only be guessed from the vigorous efforts she made to keep from the world the real knowledge of her affairs.

Her one great source of comfort was the growing loveliness and exquisite grace of her daughter.

She knew that in the world no quality of heart or mind atoned for a plain face; and she built all her hopes on Irene's making an excellent match.

She denied herself almost the necessaries of life to secure elegant dresses and ornaments for her. It was in vain that the girl refused them and declared that she disliked them.

"They are the means to an end, Irene," Lady Ryeford would say.

"Marry well, and I shall be more than repaid for anything I may have done for you."

But Irene had made up her mind as to one thing.

She had to live to please another, but she would marry to please herself; there should be no mistake about that—if ever she married at all.

Lady Ryeford did her best to infuse a "proper" spirit into the girl, but she did not succeed.

This visit of Lord Cradoc's, which she considered the greatest event of her life, was nothing to Irene.

She herself was so anxious to please the Earl that she would, if necessary have grovelled in the dust for him; whereas Irene was most provokingly straightforward and dignified with him, never agreeing with him unless she could honestly do so.

Lady Ryeford was elated over the Earl's visit.

She discussed it with every caller, and wherever she went it was the one theme of conversation.

She spoke of it, not as a novelty, but as though the Earl had been a constant visitor.

"In his distress and sorrow he turned to Irene and myself for consolation," she repeated until she almost believed the words.

When it was known that the Earl of Cradoc not only acknowledged his relationship with her, but was often to be seen at her house her social importance increased immensely.

Lady Devon, who had hitherto been quite content to send Lady Ryeford an occasional card for her "At Homes," now invited her to her select little dinners.

For many years the great desire of Lady Ryeford's heart had been to be admitted on intimate terms at Devon House. Lady Devon had resisted all her efforts; but, when she heard that Lord Cradoc called at the *bijou* residence in Park Lane, the stately Countess drove there, and made a point of seeing Lady Ryeford herself.

"You must bring your beautiful daughter to my next ball, Lady Ryeford," she said.

"She will make a sensation."

While Lady Ryeford expressed her pleasure, she knew that the invitation was not owing to Irene's beauty or grace, but simply to the fact that Lord Cradoc visited them.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to accept your kind invitation," Lady Ryeford replied.

"Lord Cradoc insists that Irene and I shall go to Poole for the autumn."

When she uttered those magical words and the Countess, with a gracious smile, said that she hoped to see Lady Ryeford at the Towers during the Christmas holidays, the ambitious mother felt that her highest desire was gratified; she had nothing more to wish.

"Our fortune is made, Irene!" she cried. "The dear Countess has invited us to the Towers!"

Irene listened very calmly.

"It will be a very expensive visit, mamma, and severely tax our yearly income," she said.

"But it will bring us into the society in which I have always wished to move," rejoined Lady Ryeford.

The proposed visit to Poole engaged her whole time, thought and attention.

The Earl although not knowing the true state of her finances, felt sure that she was not in good circumstances, and placed in her hands, as he had in Daphne's, a cheque with many apologies.

"I am assuring to myself and Lady Marcia the great pleasure of your society, and I cannot bear to think that your kindness in accepting my invitation should put you to any inconvenience," he said.

"It is for one thousand dollars," Lady Ryeford remarked to her daughter when

the Earl had taken his departure. "Irene, how can you say that civility is wasted on a man like the Earl?"

* * * * * *

"Irene," asked Lady Ryeford, "has the Earl heard you sing yet?"

"I believe, mamma," she replied, "that that is the only one of my accomplishments which I have not exhibited to him. He has been pleased to compliment me on my dancing; he thinks my French and German fairly good; he smiled most amiably when he saw my drawings—a smile that conveyed more than words; but he has not heard me sing.

"That is pleasure in store for him."

"Irene," cried Lady Ryeford, "it is dreadful to hear you treat matters so lightly! Do you know what it means—whether the Earl likes you or not?

"It means all the difference between poverty and wealth, between a life of obscurity and a splendid position. How can you treat such a matter jestingly? If the Earl likes you, he can enrich you without hurting himself."

"But, mamma, if he should be inclined to like me, surely he would be better pleased by my being perfectly natural with him, and not trying to attract him by a display of all the knowledge I possess?"

"You might be so different, Irene," said Lady Ryeford mournfully, "without losing any of your pride or independence. You might do so much now. You see that my heart is bent upon making the Earl like us and, in short, upon winning our way to his favor; yet you have done nothing to help me.

"Do be more amiable.

"I know the Earl is fond of music. Lady Callum was telling me yesterday that when he was a young man, he was one of the most regular opera goers in London; and the other evening, when we were at Lady Clanduff's, how delighted he was with Miss Marchmont's singing! I am sure I saw tears in his eyes.

"He said that he should probably come in this afternoon at five. Now promise me that, if he asks for a little music, you will sing your best songs."

"I will do what you wish mamma," she replied obediently; and Lady Ryeford was so delighted that she kissed her. "But," she added very gently, "I'll do as you wish and sing to the Earl, you will not tell him any stories about my music-masters, and what they have said of my voice, will you? They do distress me so."

"Of course I shall not, Irene," was the half-impatient answer; but Lady Ryeford inwardly resolved that she would not lose an opportunity of letting the Earl know that it had been stated that Irene had one of the finest voices ever heard off the stage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Douglas! Douglas!

BY M. M. C.

INSIDE—the glare of gas, the gleaming of jewels, the rustle of costly dresses, the ripple of low, well-bred voices.

Outside—moonlight flooding all the solemn arch of the summer sky, flooding the curving, golden shore and the grim ledges, flooding the restless sea which ever and ever made the mysterious sighing which stirs with undefined pain and longing our weak, human hearts.

A grand dance was in progress at the "Spray," and the ladies had put on their bravest toilettes in which to subjugate the masculine portion of the company.

Eve Stanhope was there—Eve, over whom half the men of her set were going wild—Eve, sweet and womanly, yet with the faintest possible tinge of weary hauteur upon her pale, lovely face.

It was easy to believe, looking upon her as she passed down the long room on Kyle Stanhope's arm, that she came from a grand old stock.

There was not one mean line in her dainty face, pale and pure, with the red lips curving sweetly, yet haughtily; the large, dark eyes, with their long lashes and arching brows, grave and clear, and the long, fine, glossy hair coiled so simply low at the back of the perfect head.

Eve was really a lady by birth and education.

Better than this, she was a lady, a thorough gentlewoman at heart.

Her servants worshipped her.

Scores of poor women and little children in the great city where her father was known as a money-king, knew and loved the beautiful, dainty lady who was not too proud to speak a kind word, or given them a pleasant smile in the street.

One of her aristocratic friends was wont to tell with a smile and a shrug, how Eve her company one cold, blustering day caught sight of a poor old Scotchwoman, whom some mischievous boys had tripped upon the icy pavement, upsetting a basket of apples—her stock in trade—and scattering them all about.

Eve at once raised the woman from the ground with her own daintily-gloved hands and shook the dust from the poor faded garments.

The boys, shamed by this unexpected rescue, righted the basket, and picked up the apples, while the old woman, with tears in her faded eyes, cried brokenly—

"God's blessings on ye, bonnie, dainty lady, that ye should mind a puir auld craythur like mysel'!"

And just then who should come along but young Lord Dorrimmer at whom so many matrimonial caps had been set, and Eve gave him the calmest and most unconscious of bows, to which the young nobleman responded rather stiffly, and remarked quite audibly to his companion, as he passed on—

"Ah, really!

"What extraordinary creatures these American girls are!"

Eve was so much amused by this, that she didn't even do his lordship the honor to cut him, and in a month he had offered himself to her, only to be calmly and sweetly refused, very much to that gentleman's surprise and disgust.

To-night Eve was the worst bit sad and distrait.

She was weary of dancing, and her cousin, Kyle, with whom she had been waltzing, gladly led her out upon the broad moonlit veranda, bringing a fleecy wrap to fold about her, all his unconquerable passion glowing in the blue eyes which turned so eagerly upon the fair, proud face at his side.

"Eve," he said hurriedly, after making sure that they were alone on the veranda, "will you read this note, which I found upon the shore just below old Jarvis' cottage?

"It may prove to you the truth of my statement against George Douglas."

She took the slip of paper, her face paling and flushing in the moonlight, and read, in a hand-writing which was only too familiar to her eyes, these words—

"MY POOR MARY,—I will see that your wants are provided for.

"It pains me to add that I can bid you hope nothing further, for in all probability the marriage with Miss Stanhope will be consummated at an early day.

"GEORGE DOUGLAS."

A fire had mingled with the sadness in her eyes as she finished the note.

Kyle Stanhope's lips curved in a sudden triumphant smile as he noted it.

"Could anything surpass his impudence?" he queried.

"Mark how he boasts of winning you even to the poor creature whose life ——"

"Hush!" interrupted Eve coldly, as she arose.

"This is a matter which I do not care to discuss, cousin Kyle."

"At least you will bestow no more favor upon Douglas?" persisted the man eagerly.

Eve lifted her queenly head, and met his gaze haughtily.

"Most assuredly not," she said, making at the same time a little motion with one hand as if sweeping the subject of their words into oblivion.

Yet Kyle Stanhope would scarcely have exulted could he have seen his cousin an hour later, kneeling in her chamber with both slim hands clenched desperately upon the white bed spread, while one name burst sobbingly from from her lips—

"Douglas! Douglas!"

The man to whom she had given the whole of her proud sensitive woman's heart.

The man whom of all others she had deemed perfect, had proven himself so cowardly and base that she writhed with anguish at the very thought.

Kyle Stanhope, to whom she was already reported to be engaged, had first warned her against Douglas.

A week ago she had while strolling along the shore come suddenly upon Douglas, with poor Mary Jarvis kneeling weeping at his feet, while he strove to raise her, and close by a baby—his baby, she thought—lay cooing in a warm little nest of sand, unconscious of its mother's sorrow.

Since then she had treated Douglas with such marked coolness that all his pride was up in arms, and, passionately as he loved her, he made no effort for reconciliation.

On the morning after the dance, reviewing all events, a sudden hope born of desperation came to Eve.

She decided to visit Mary Jarvis herself, ostensibly to engage her to do some needlework, but really to ascertain if possible whether there had not been some mistake.

Perhaps Douglas had been acting for some other person, she argued loverishly; at all events she would know the worst, even if she made a confidante of the girl herself.

She came upon her a few rods from her father's cottage, sitting listlessly in the sunshine, while the baby rolled, and gurgled and laughed upon the sand beside her.

A sudden vindictive gleam came into the girl's black eyes when Eve addressed her in her sweet, gracious way, and she answered suddenly—

"P'r'aps you wouldn't speak so softly, Miss Stanhope, if you knew who I was."

"Why not?" queried Eve.

"Because," sifting the golden sand between her brown fingers, and looking furtively at the lady's face, "the man they say you are soon to marry is this little 'un's father; and the baby"—catching it swiftly and passionately to her heaving bosom, and raining hot kisses on the little, innocent face—"is mine, my own poor little lamb!"

A warm mist rushed into Eve's eyes.

She dropped one white hand upon the girl's dark head and said huskily—

"Mary, if Mr. Douglas has told you that he is to marry me, he has told you a falsehood."

"Mr. Douglas, Mr. Douglas?" reiterated Mary wonderingly.

"It is Kyle Stanhope, my child's father, of whom I am speaking, lady!"

The sea, the beach, the rugged ledges, all seemed to whirl in a mad waltz before Eve's eyes.

Some womanly intuition moved the girl to add—

"As for Mr. Douglas, ma'am, one of God's angels could never be kinder than he has been to me and my baby.

"Heaven bless him for ever and ever. I'd give my life to serve him."

Eve leaned her head against the ledges behind her.

"Mary, will you please tell me plainly—I am confused, I think.

"George Douglas is not the man who has done you this great wrong?"

A warm flush broke over the girl's face, and her head drooped low over the child.

"Oh, no, ma'am, never!

"It was Kyle Stanhope who made a fool of me with his smooth words.

"This summer Mr. Douglas found it out, and has been, oh, so heavenly kind to me all the summer.

"None of the fine people here would give me work until he came, but now I wash for him and for one or two others who came with him."

How Eve reached the hotel she hardly knew.

She was half wild with a relief and rapture that was almost pain.

She met George Douglas in the hall.

He bowed coldly, and stepped aside to let her pass.

She took two steps up the wide stairway and turned back.

He was looking after her.

"Will you come with me into the music-room?" she asked, humbly and wistfully like a little child.

He gave her his arm instantly, with cold courtesy, and led her through the long parlor to the music-room.

The piano was open, and, trembling in every limb, she sat down and ran her fingers over the keys.

"I am going to sing you something," she said, still pleadingly like a child.

And then, her matchless voice all faltering and tearful, she sung these words—

"Could you come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I'd be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"Never a scornful word should grieve you,
I'd smile sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone for ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"I was not worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy of such as you——"

There the pleading voice broke entirely, and proud Eve Stanhope laid her hand upon the piano, and wept bitterly.

Well, of course you know what any man would do after the woman of his love had sung such a song to him and then had burst into tears before his very eyes.

George Douglas took her into his arms and begged for an explanation, and she gave it, and gave herself in the long kiss which sealed their betrothal.

And when Kyle Stanhope learned that his villainy and deception had been discovered, he left the place.

As for poor Mary Jarvis she was helped and encouraged into a better and nobler life, by Douglas and his beautiful wife.

And Mary knows, as the angels in heaven know, that these two have saved her from an existence of cruel sin and shame.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—A good anecdote is told of M. Boutibouse, a French *savant*, in illustration of the power of imagination.

M. Boutibouse served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of this century.

At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated.

While reloading his musket, he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, separating them from his thighs; for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about half a foot in measurement.

The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock.

Thus he lay motionless among the wounded and dead the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system.

At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded.

"What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah! touch me tenderly," replied M. Boutibouse, "I beseech you; a cannon-ball has carried off my legs."

The surgeon examined the limbs referred to; and then, giving him a good shake, said, with a joyous laugh, "Get up with you; you have nothing the matter with you."

M. Boutibouse immediately sprung up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he thought he had lost for ever. "I felt more thankful," said M. Boutibouse, "than I had ever done in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me.

"I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon-ball; instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."

LADY PAGET says that a person with a big nose should wear much hair at the back of the head, so as to re establish the balance.

Bric-a-Brac.

TWO CHAIRS.—The following is told of one of the Rothschilds—he of Frankfort: Came the Baron von G. into the office of the great banker. "Take a chair, sir," said he, not even rising his head from his writing. "Sir!" said G.; "why 'sir'? I am, like yourself, a baron of the Empire, and I think should be addressed as such." "A thousand pardons!" replied Rothschild; "a baron of the Empire? then take two chairs until I can attend to you."

STONE SNAKES.—The Japanese believe that ammonites are petrified snakes. Fossil brachiopods (lamp-shells) are called "stone swallows," and are said to come to life and fly from their hiding-places at the approach of wind and rain, changing again to stones on the return to fair weather. Fossil fish appear and disappear at pleasure. Their appearance is prognostic of a plentiful harvest and prosperous times. The stones if burned have a decidedly fishy smell.

A GOOD ONE.—It is always well, if one must lie, to tell a good one. A Paris paper tells of two young animal painters who were lately discussing their work. "I had quite a talent for bulldogs," says one, "but I've had to give up painting 'em. You see, it was such an infernal bore to have to keep the live dogs from springing on my dogs and tearing them to pieces." "I had rather a gift for bulldogs," says his companion, "but I had to give up painting them. It was too much trouble to keep the dogs from springing out of my pictures and tearing the living animals to pieces!"

ANIMAL REASONING.—The following story goes to show that monkeys can reason to some extent. It is thought that some other animals—notably horses, dogs and cats—are not much behind the monkey. A monkey was given a lump of sugar inside a closed bottle. It worried itself sick trying to get at the sugar. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy alternated with spasms of delight, as a new idea suggested itself, followed by fresh series of experiments. Nothing availed until one day a jar of olives fell from the table with a crash. The result was noticed by the monkey, who instantly hurled his bottle to the floor, and was soon in possession of the lump of sugar.

HALF A SHIRT.—One sultry Sunday Rev. R. Jones, a Southern preacher, was thundering away at his drowsy congregation, the majority of which would go to sleep in spite of all his efforts. At last he shouted: "Wake up here! There is a man preaching to you who has only a half a shirt on his back." It woke them tremendously. The next day a delegation of ladies presented the preacher with a package containing some very nice shirts, saying that it was a shame that he should be reduced to half a shirt to his back. He replied, after accepting the shirts with thanks, that he was not literally reduced to half a shirt, although he wore only half on his back; he wore the other half in front of him.

THE CANDLE PARADE.—Speaking of the fireworks at the opening of the East River Bridge, a war veteran said: "During the spring of '65 candle rations were issued to the army of the Potomac. The men had no use for them, and they accumulated. One night a single company, each man carrying a lighted candle, started in procession through the camp. Regiments, battalions and brigades caught the infection, and 50,000 candles glimmered and danced in every direction, winding like a fiery serpent over the hillocks, and stretching out in a sea of flaming dots as far as the eye could reach. The bridge illumination was very fine of its kind, but for beauty and novel effect I think the candle procession ought to handle the snuffers. Many veterans of the Army of the Potomac will remember the candle parade;"

TRUE TO NATURE.—Lafayette carried an infant son of "Corn Planter," a chief of one of the Six Nations, to France, and educated him in all the accomplishments of a young man of rank. When he returned to America, accompanied by a lady of great beauty and good family, there was no finer gentleman in the New World. Yet within twenty-four hours he was found in the streets of Boston, drunk, wrapped in a tattered blanket, and surrounded by a party of his savage countrymen. Next day he deserted his French friends, and when Aaron Burr was traveling from Canada to New York, in 1789, he found the unfortunate wife of the irreclaimable savage wandering in the woods, cruelly maltreated, stripped of her property, almost naked, subsisting on berries and wild fruit.

THE ROSE.—Among the Hebrews, the bridegroom as well as the bride, wore a crown of roses, of myrtle, or of olive. Mythology assigns to the rose the most illustrious origin. At the moment when Pallas came out of the brain of Jupiter, the earth produced the rose, that delight might follow in the wake of wisdom. While at first, the poets have not quite agreed as to what it owed its many-purpled hues. We are told by some that the exquisite Adonis was mortally wounded by a bear, and that his flowing blood fell on the roses, and colored them forever. According to others, Venus ran to protect him, and the thorns and briars tore her lovely skin, and the purple drops fell on a white rose, dyed it, and consecrated it forever to her honor. Such a circumstance was scarcely necessary to make so perfect a flower sacred to the goddess of beauty. Some authors say that in the midst of an Olympian *fete* the goddess Hebe spilled the embalmed vermillion nectar, and that the white roses spread their petals to receive the perfume and the color.

NO TIME TO QUARREL.

Life is not long at the best count of years,
Oft at its close man is debtor,
And in its twilight remembers through tears
Much that he might have done better.
Out of all the wearisome things we know,
It is, when regrets won't smother,
To recall the rash words that made a foe
Of one we had known as a brother.
There's a time to rest and a time to run—
To win or to wear the laurel;
There's a time for most things under the sun,
But not one moment to quarrel.

Are there not mountains of trouble to climb?
And seas of distress to cross over?
Were it not wiser to walk through time
With a will life's wounds to cover?
True greatness lies not in poor, vanquished foes,
Or the gold your heirs inherit;
But the calm, bright memories goodness throws
Around the life-weary spirit.
There's a time to rest and a time to run—
To win or to wear the laurel;
There's a time for most things under the sun,
But not one moment to quarrel.

A FALSE FRIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT is a radiant August morning.

The sun's level beams shoot across the fields, and in and out through the mossy tree trunks in Squire Allington's woods. The dew is yet heavy in the hearts of the purple and white asters, and in the drooping yellow rose-buds in the cottage garden.

The Squire up at the great Hall is not even awake yet.

But the young doctor, master of the cottage, is out cutting the grass on the dewy lawn with his noisy little grass-cutting machine.

Squire Allington's great demesne and Doctor Selden's small one adjoin.

Yonder to the left a narrow woodland path leads from the cottage to the Hall.

And the inhabitants of the two houses are on friendly terms, notwithstanding their very different places in the social scale.

Selden pushes his machine backwards and forwards on the lawn, neatly rounding off the aster beds, whistling as he goes in response to a lark singing above.

As the sun rises higher the young man takes off his coat and hangs it on a garden-seat near.

He had been at work an hour and more now, and he feels himself quite in tune for his breakfast.

Yes, it is ten minutes past seven.

Alice will soon come down stairs now. he glances towards the house to see if there is any sign of life yet in any of the windows.

A footstep on the path leading from the wood, the breaking of dry twigs under some one's tread, attracts his attention.

Turning quickly round, he sees a young lady in a holland morning dress passing along beneath the trees.

"Good morning, Miss Allington," he calls out in his cheery voice, going quickly forward, hat in hand.

"Why, how early you are out!" he adds when he reaches the fence.

"And you look quite rosy.

"Allow me to congratulate you.

"You must continue these morning walks."

"They are nothing new, Doctor Selden," the girl answers, a little bashfully.

"I have always been in the habit of taking them."

"In any case," he says heartily, "something has put a better color in your cheeks this morning, I am glad to say.

"I am quite afraid I am going to lose my patient," he continues banteringly, chiefly for something to say, as she stands silent.

"There is no fear," she answers, with a little sigh.

"Oh, don't despair!

"I have great hopes for you when this intensely hot weather shall be over."

"Would you like to lose your patient?" she asks timidly.

"Yes, very much," he returns lightly.

A curious expression crosses her face, pale enough now, for one moment, then it is gone, and she smiles.

"To lose my patient, yes," he continues, "but not my friend, Miss Allington.

"I suppose I may venture to say friend, may I not?"

"Oh, yes," she says simply; "you know you are a very good friend to me!"

"You are quite industrious this morning," she remarks presently.

"One must keep the grass constantly cut," he replies, carelessly whittling at the fence with a pen-knife; "it grows so fast, and looks as untidy as a man who has not shaved for a week.

"How is the Squire?

"It is three or four days since I have seen him."

"Yes, you have been quite a stranger at the Manor; will you come up and see papa this evening?

"It is really quite a charity.

"He does so enjoy a little rational conversation.

"All day he has no one to talk to, except gardeners and stewards."

"And his daughter?" asks Selden.

"Oh, I don't count!" she says wistfully. "You know I can't talk of the things that interest him.

"I really hardly know the difference between Conservative and Liberal.

"And as for what either party want to do or want the country to do, it is a mystery to me."

"And to more than you," interposed the young man.

"It is not that I have not tried to understand, but I can't.

"And when papa puts an imaginary case to me, and asks me what I should do if I were Prime Minister, I get so frightened that I answer all wrong, and say such foolish things.

"And then papa gets impatient, and says what a dreadful thing for a man to be shut up all his life with a woman who has no brains, or he smiles, and says, 'Run away to your dolly, child,' as if I were a baby; and that is worse than all."

Selden throws back his curly brown head and laughs heartily.

He checking himself suddenly however when he sees that it is very much in earnest with the girl standing there in the woodland mosses, with her eyes full of tears, which she is too proud to let fall.

He hastens to console her, and make amends for his laugh.

"But can play for him," he suggests.

"He hates music, you know," she answers.

He did know it quite well.

He will try something else.

"Well, you are always there, ready to do everything for him—kind and deft-handed. The best little daughter I know anywhere," he adds warmly.

"He may count himself lucky to have such a daughter.

"He will know what you are, and how much you were to him, in an unobtrusive quiet way, when some other man comes one day and robs him——"

"Good morning, Miss Allington," cries a fresh voice at this moment from behind the Doctor's shoulder.

"What are you spoiling the Squire's fence for, Richard?

"Miss Allington, why do you stand there and let him do mischief?"

"It is my own side of the fence, Sophie," he replies.

"You are to come to your breakfast, please; Alice is waiting.

"You are rather a good boy to have got up so early this morning to cut the grass. The next time I have a penny I don't want, I shall give it to you."

"Thanks, so much.

"You see, Miss Allington, how much respect my ward and adopted daughter has for me."

Gabriel Allington's pretty hazel eyes do indeed open wide.

She would as soon think of slapping a king or queen on the back as telling this tall, grave-faced doctor that he was a good boy.

"Well," she says, "if your breakfast is waiting, I will not detain you."

"Won't you come in and breakfast with us?" inquires Sophie.

"No, thanks," replies Gabriel, with a faint smile.

"And then she flits away among the tree shadows, and the Doctor and Sophie turn, and pass slowly amongst the flowers to the house.

Neither of them dreams what have been to Gabriel Allington to accept that carelessly given invitation.

Neither of them knows that for one moment on her homeward way she turns and looks after them, passing slowly amongst the flowers in the warm sunshine, while she stands alone in the shadows of the trees.

"Always in the sunshine," she murmurs, clasping her thin white hands, "and I always in the shade.

"Always together, and I always alone.

"Alice is as cross as possible this morning," volunteers Sophie, by way of news. "At least, considering it is Alice, she is cross.

"If it were you, it would be considered suitable."

"Polite child.

"But what has she done?" he asks carelessly, stopping to cut the head off a Gloire de Dijon that is somewhat withered.

"You might get a basket and pick up these rose-leaves off the grass after breakfast, if you were a good girl."

"But you tell me a thousand times a day that I am not, so I won't."

"Well, what has Alice done?"

"She won't let me into the breakfast-room.

"I was going in after her, and she calmly turned round and shut the door in my face and said, 'Run and call Richard in to breakfast.'"

"I think you will see the reason presently, if you have patience to wait a moment or so."

The breakfast-room door is wide open, and Alice is sitting smiling, not at all cross, behind the tea-tray.

Alice is Doctor Selden's only sister, who lives with him to mind him, and take care of his house, until Robert Leetch, her sailor lover, who is now far away on the ocean, comes to take her away.

Sophie utter a joyful cry as she goes round to her place at the table.

Her plate is all wreathed about with flowers, and many nice-looking packages are heaped upon it.

"Are all these for me, and, if so, who has been my fairy godmother?

"Let me see.

"I quite forgot it was my birthday.

"What's this?"

She opens the smallest parcel first; it is square and tidier looking than the others are.

With trembling fingers she unfastens the pink string, takes off the paper and comes to a square crimson leather case.

When she opens this she finds inside a locket of pure bright gold with a cross of small pearls on the front, and S in emeralds on the back.

"I know who gave me this.

"It is too, too good of you, you bad man:" and, jumping up, she rushes round to Richard, who is drinking his coffee with a badly assumed air of indifference, and, with both arms round his neck, kisses him again and again.

"Now go and see what else you have," he says, disengaging himself laughingly; "I consider you have been grateful enough."

"No, but it is too nice of you—too nice. You are a perfect angel.

"What is in this nice fat one, I wonder?"

It is a glove box full of gloves, from Alice.

"Alice submits to the strangling process, and then the girl goes back to see what else awaits her.

"Another parcel!

"But who else is there to give me a present?"

"You might probably discover, if you took the trouble to open it," suggests the Doctor.

It is an Indian fan of carved ivory.

Sophie gazes at it with distended eyes.

"But will any one tell me who gave me this?" she gasps.

"There is a card with it, if I don't mistake," says Alice.

Sophie looks into the box and finds it. "For Miss Sophie Selden, from Robert Leetch."

"What a charming fellow your Bob is!" she cries.

"How very kind of him to think of me! How did it come?"

"He left it with me for you, when he was here in June," replies Alice, with a quiet smile.

"Richard, what did you call me to Miss Allington this morning?

"Your ward and adopted daughter.

"What do you mean?

"Am I not your cousin?" said Sophie suddenly.

"Were you talking to Miss Allington this morning, Richard?" inquires his sister at the same moment.

"Yes, for a little while; she passed along the wood-path at the end of the lawn as I was cutting the grass, and I spoke with her a few moments.

"Sophie, your question I cannot answer now, but I will later on, if you come to me.

"Alice and I think you had better know to-day."

Sophie's blue eyes opened very wide at the serious tone adopts.

What is it that it is better she should know to-day?

Between her presents and her mystery she can eat no breakfast.

"When, Richard—say when?"

"I am going now to visit Wilson over at the farther side of the common.

"That will take some time, Alice.

"I fear that poor fellow will not hold out much longer."

"Will you mind taking him over some jelly?" inquires Miss Selden.

"I intended to have gone with it this afternoon; but, if you will take it, I shall be very glad to be saved the journey in this hot weather."

"Certainly I will take it, and am very glad to have it for him."

"And me, Richard—you're forgetting me!

"What are you going to tell me, and when?" cries Sophie, in the imperious tones of a spoiled child.

"Well, let me see.

"Will you come and meet me, through the wood and across the common?

"If you start at eleven you will just have time."

"Yes, I'll come," she replies, with a satisfied shake of her head.

"Dear me, I wish it were eleven now! And it is only five minutes past eight! Be quick, Richard, so that you will soon be back."

"Alice," says the Doctor, turning to his sister, "you will please to see that this child does not go out one moment before eleven. And, Sophie, you are not to walk too far across the common in this broiling sun."

"But you walk all across it," she demurs, pouting; "and why not I?"

"Because a man of my age is slightly stronger than a child of your.

"Sophie, run for my straw hat; it is not medical-looking, but really, on those moors, without a tree, what is a man to do?"

"Write 'M.D.' in large letters on your back," she suggests pertly.

"Good-bye, Alice.

"This is the basket, is it?

"It is just as well it is a moor I am going to traverse, with this in my hand.

"Well, Sophie, eleven o'clock."

"Now, Alice," says Sophie, turning to Miss Selden, "give me something to do. Let me help you wash the breakfast things. And I really will do it every morning now.

"I am seventeen.

"I must be good and useful, mustn't I? Alice. Alice, don't look that way; you mustn't;" and she stamps her small feet on the ground.

For Miss Selden, remembering all the time Sophie has begun to be good and useful, invariably beginning with the breakfast things, and sometimes, in rare fits of goodness, extending to dusting the drawing-room, cannot repress a peculiar smile.

"You know, Sophie," she begins.

"Yes, I know, I know.

"But I will be good this time—really I will."

"Will it go so far as to finish that smoking-cap Richard, do you suppose?" queries Alice.

This is the unkindest cut of all; for the aforesaid smoking-cap has been on hand for last two years, and it is far from being finished yet.

Sophie hides her face in her hands with a little petulant gesture.

"Alice, you're horrid!

"I know I am bad, but why do you always tell me so?"

"My dear child, have I told you so?"

"No; but——

"See, Alice, I won't touch thee!" she cries, gaily dancing round the table.

"I know you like to polish them yourself.

"Here they are; don't be afraid, I won't take your salt-spoons from you."

And, seeing by the color in Alice's face that her shaft has struck home, she laughs with malicious glee, and sings and dances about the house till eleven, affecting to dust the drawing-room and arrange the flowers until it is time to go and meet Richard.

CHAPTER II.

IT is hot out on the moor.

Sophie, walking leisurely along, with a bunch of heather in hand, sees Richard coming, and sinks down beside a bush to wait for him.

"Well, your majesty," she says, hardly looking up when the tall shadow falls across her, "have I been good?

"Have I come too far?"

"No; you have been very obedient.

"And now get up and come with me."

"It is so nice here," she murmurs.

"Can't you sit down and talk here?"

"It is rather hot," he objects; "and I don't think yours a comfortable resting-place."

"It is indeed.

"I am going to take this heather home and paint it this afternoon."

As they are walking back over the common to the wood, he utters an exclamation and steps into the broom.

"Look what I have," he says, coming back again in a moment.

"Heather," she returns.

"What of that?"

"But what color?

"Don't you see it is white?

"One does not find that often.

"And you must value it accordingly."

"Give it to me," she says, stretching out her hand.

"I will paint it with the pink; and it will be so pretty."

"Not so," he answered, closing his brown hand over the little outstretched one.

"To give white heather to a woman can only be done once in a man's lifetime."

"Why?" she queries.

"Because it tells her that he loves her more than any one else in the world," he answered gravely.

"Then give it to Alice.

"You love her best of any in the world, don't you?"

"I must keep it," he returns lightly, "until I meet the woman for whom it is intended."

"Meanwhile it will be withered.

"Lend it to me to paint, and I will give it back honestly when she comes, and you ask me for it."

So he gives it to her.

"Now," says Richard, presently, laying a detaining hand on her shoulder, "here is a seat in a nice cool spot.

"We have fully an hour and a half before dinner.

"Let us sit down here, and I will tell you a story."

"About myself?" she asks with great eagerness.

"Yes, about yourself," he answered in a grave way.

"I am sure you want to know."

"I have been dying of curiosity all the morning," she says naively.

"Do go on quickly, please, Richard, will you?"

"The trail of mother Eve is over you all," he laughs.

"Oh, never mind her!

"Do go on, Richard."

"Well," he says, settling himself on a seat and leaning back so that, with his hat well forward over his eyes, he can study the pretty child-face beside him as he unfolds his story.

It is a pretty face—it is more than a pretty face, for it contains a promise of great future beauty.

Flitting expressions come and go in the blue innocent eyes that are womanly, deep and beautiful.

There is something in the soft mouth, sweet in spite of its wilfulness, that tells of great capabilities of happiness and sorrow: altogether it is a face that charms and attracts, though one knows not how or why such is the case.

"Sophie, you are seventeen to-day; at least we think you are.

"So it is time you should know who you are, and all your history."

"Who am I?

"Am I not Sophie Selden?"

"No," he answers, a curious expression gleaming in his brown eyes, "you are not Sophie Selden.

"You are simply Sophie; and that is all I know about you."

She draws nearer to him in her great surprise, and the flowers drop neglected from her hands.

"It is fifteen years to-day," he goes on, taking one of the little hands in his, "when some business took me to Deal.

"It does not matter now what, but I was there for three days.

"And during those three days a storm

raged, the like of which I had never seen before, nor indeed since.

"A large ship had been driven ashore, and the whole town was down on the beach watching the lifeboat men put forth to the assistance of her crew and passengers.

"Leetch was with me.

"One of the lifeboat crew was ill, and another absent.

"A sailor in the crowd volunteered in the place of one, and Leetch in the place of the other."

"And you?" asks Sophie.

"I looked on.

"I was not wanted, and besides I could not handle an oar.

"Boatful after boatful came ashore.

"It was in the early morning, and miserable the poor wretches looked, cold, wet, and only half dressed, chiefly emigrants, whose whole possessions were going to the bottom of the sea before their miserable eyes.

"The women huddled together weeping, and holding their crying babies close; the men stood silent, watching the ship breaking up.

"They were foreigners all, and did not understand the words of rough sympathy from the crowd around them.

"When the fourth boatful came ashore, chiefly women and children only were brought.

"The women held the children in their arms for warmth, all except one little babe, who stood alone.

"This little thing was somewhere about three years old.

"It was shivering in a little white nightgown, and its black hair hung damp and heavy with the beating spray.

"It was so still and quiet; it did not wail and cry like the other babies.

"The water dashed its seething foam over the little blue feet; it just moved a little farther inshore, and stood silent, still and alone.

"No woman took it in her arms, no man laid a fatherly hand on its head.

"I became so interested in the sad little figure that I forgot to watch the boatful of brave men near the foam-covered wreck. I stepped across the sands to where the child stood apart.

"She looked up into my face with such a piteous, mute appeal that I can never forget it.

"I held out my hands to her; she gave a little cry, the first she had uttered, and stretched out her hands to me.

"I took the little trembling creature here, within my coat, and held her close and warm, and waited for the next boatful to come with her parents.

"When the ship went to pieces a terrible scream was borne to us watchers on the shore; and the lifeboat came back with only her crew on board.

"The little child's father and mother were gone forever, and the little creature there nestling against my heart was you, Sophie."

The girl seizes his hands in both of hers, and bows her head down upon them.

He feels the soft cheek wet with tears, and draws her nearer to him.

They sit thus in silence for a long time.

"Look up, my child, and don't cry," he says at last.

"That is all.

"You have been my child ever since, and very glad I am of it.

"You little tease, you are the greatest blessing, and delight, and torment of my life."

"How good you were, how good you are," she sobs, kissing his hands with trembling lips.

"Don't do that," he says, drawing her close to him.

"Look up and smile, little one, and give your old father a kiss."

"But could you never find any one to own me?" she asks mournfully.

"No.

"They were all too much occupied with their own grief and loss, too distracted to answer my questions.

"Some said you belonged to one, some to another.

"From later inquiries I made, I found that there were five different children of the age of three embarked with their parents.

"Once I thought I had lost you, when I received letters from a French notary, saying that the grandparents of one of those children were making inquiries.

"I thought I had lost my treasure trove, but it turned out that their missing child was Marie, and had golden hair. Your only beauty, as you know, is your long dark hair, and your little gown was marked 'Sophie.'

"For many years I trembled whenever I got a strange letter, thinking a claimant for my baby had appeared, for I was honest, and made the fact of your existence as widely known as possible.

"But now, I think, after all these years, I may justly call you mine. Eh, old woman?"

Her cheek now rests against his shoulder, and, unseen by him, the large tears drop slowly from her dark lashes.

"Alice was just as glad as I was when I brought you home; but in spite of her blandishments, and Bob's too, you always stuck to me like the brave little thing you are.

"And Bob was really your first friend.

"It was he who saved your life. He took you off the wreck."

"No; he didn't save my life.

"I won't have you say that! It was you, and you only. I will not owe my life to any one but you!" she cries passionately.

"But my dear, it was Bob," he expostulates.

"Don't speak to me of him! He is very good and kind and brave; but I owe all to you.

"Oh, how good you were! And I don't remember a bit of it all. And you took me up in your arms, did you?"

"Yes; and you were a 'moist, uncomfortable little body,'" he answers, laughing, for she is taking it much too seriously to heart, he thinks.

"How good you were—how good you were!" she murmures.

"How can I ever be good enough to you?"

"You are quite good enough to me, little one,' he whispers kindly.

"You are such a little comfort and torment and bother all mixed up together, I don't know what I should do without you."

"Oh, I will be good," she cries earnestly—"I will be good! Now that I know all, I will be good.

"I won't be idle any more.

"I shall do everything you tell me, no matter how much I want to do something else."

"You must not change a bit," he commands.

"I don't want a good, sedate Sophie at all. I should not feel at home with her.

"I want my 'rosebud' still to have its 'little wilful thorns.' Just keep as your are and you will satisfy me.

"Now, we will not say another word on the subject.

"We shall just be as we were before.

"You understand now, we keep this as your birth-day, though I don't suppose it is your real one, but it was the day I found you."

"One thing more," she entreats.

"You said a French notary wrote, and that the shipwrecked people could not understand the other people.

"Am I not then English?"

"No; it was a French emigrant ship, and you are a French girl by birth; but English in tongue and bringing up."

"And heart," she whispers.

"Your country shall be mine."

"Dear little woman," he says cheerily.

"How glad I am I found you that day no one knows but myself."

"I suppose I spoke French then?" she asks.

"Yes, you lisped it in your pretty baby prattle, but you soon picked up English.

"I have a grand scheme for next summer, and after I have confided it to you, I shall expect you to look up, and smile, and give me a kiss, and be my merry Sophie again.

"I won't have tears on your birthday."

"What is your scheme," she asks, languidly enough.

"Next summer, if I am rich enough, I will take you and Alice to Paris," he announces, and then pauses.

He knows the effect this announcement will produce.

She jumps up, her eyes flashing with delight, while the tears yet glisten on her cheek.

She claps her hands together, and dances in an ecstasy before him.

"Oh, how delightful, how charming! Oh, I wish it were next summer this minute!

"What an angel you are!

"What day shall we go?

"Oh, to see Paris, to see Paris!"

"Sophie," says the doctor, watching the little dancing figure with amused eyes, "any one can see you are a Frenchwoman. I wonder it has never struck you before.

"You are so different from other girls.

"Have you ever seen Alice or Miss Allington prance like that—rise from the depths of misery to the pinnacle of joy?"

"No," she says dubiously, pausing in her mad career; "but they are both so much older than I am."

"Gabriel Allington was seventeen last month," he answers.

"But then she is delicate, and has an awful father, and has nothing to scream and dance about," she objects.

"Poor child," says Richard, "that is true!"

"Would you wish me to be like Gabriel Allington?" she demands imperiously, with a dissatisfied frown gathering on her forehead.

"Not at all," he answers.

"Gabriel is Gabriel, and Sophie is Sophie, and we must be content with both."

"That is a horrid answer," she pouts.

"You should say you liked me best.

"Well, I will try to copy her in everything. Since when have you called her Gabriel?" she demands, standing before him.

"Oh, I don't know! Do you think we ought to be moving on?" he answers.

"Because I have an idea that dinner would be acceptable."

"Dinner always," she says reproachfully.

"You are forgetting your flowers," he remarks.

She drops lightly on one knee and gathers them up.

"I think you had better take this back," she says offering him the single spray of white heather.

"I might lose it. It will be much safer. I am so giddy, you know, I lose everything.

"Or give it to Gabriel Allington to keep.

"She is so steady, she won't lose it."

"I will trust to your honor," he answers, "and the strength of the new and good resolutions you have made to-day that you will keep it safe for me. But, Sophie——"

"What?" she asks, pausing as she was about to rise.

"I said you must pay me with a kiss for the unfolding of my delightful scheme.

"Discharge your debts, miss. That is the first duty of man or woman."

She hesitates an instant.

She has never hesitated in all her life before to kiss Richard Selden—indeed sometimes in the exuberation of her spirits she has blessed him with' too many of those demonstrations of affection to be quite comfortable.

Richard cannot imagine why the child, after putting the soft lips to his, rises suddenly and runs away, leaving him to finish his walk alone.

She was never shy of him in her life, so he does not dream that she is now.

He only smiles to himself as he thinks this sudden desertion of him is another of the "little wilful thorns" about his "rosebud."

When he reaches home he finds Mademoiselle Sophie on her knees under the rose-bush, picking up the fallen yellow leaves and putting them into a basket; and when the dinner bell rings, she has not left one untidy leaf upon the fresh-cut, velvety grass.

CHAPTER III.

SOPHIE is very restless and excited all the remainder of her birthday. She is not at any time a young person whose manners are stamped with Vere de Vere repose.

It has always been a little peculiarity of hers never to sit more than five minutes at a time, unless she enconced herself in a quiet corner in the garden, or in Squire Allington's woods with a favorite book.

She has only one other occupation which has the power of keeping her quiet, and that is painting.

Even then she is constantly darting forth in quest of more perfect buds, more effective leaves greener moss, and forgetting to come back to her brushes and paints.

Alice often says laughingly that she is not made for a poor man's wife, for she would require an attendant for nothing else but to walk round in her footsteps setting things in order after her.

Sometimes, after what she is pleased to term a scolding from Alice, she makes frantic efforts after tidiness, always beginning with a general turning upside down of everything in her room.

Then sitting down in the midst of the chaos, she begins to sort out gloves and fold up ribbons.

Suddenly coming upon an old letter, or a half-finished painting, or some object that calls away her attention from the business in hand, she becomes immersed in other thoughts, until the bell for dinner, or a call from Richard to go to the wood with him, breaks in on her; then all the things are swept up in armfuls and heaped back into the empty drawers in worse confusion than ever.

This being the manner of girl she is, neither Richard nor his sister notices that Sophie is restless and excited.

But in the evening, when Alice is sitting by the open French window of the pretty little drawing-room, Sophie comes and sits down upon a stool at her feet, and lays her cheek against Miss Selden's hand.

"My dear, how hot you are!"

"Yes; but every one is hot this weather."

"You have been out too much in the sun to-day, Sophie; will you ever learn to sit quiet?"

"Am I not quiet now?" she asks a little plaintively.

"Yes; but how long will it last?"

Sophie does not answer only rubs her soft pink cheek backwards and forwards on the cool white hand.

"Alice," the young girl says, after a long pause.

"Well?"

"What are you thinking about?"

"That is rather a difficult question to answer.

"How much are you prepared to offer for the information?"

"Ah, I might guess! 'My thoughts all day about the boat,' eh?"

"Little tease!

"I should like to know what would happen to you and Richard if my thoughts were anywhere but here, at the cottage, all day."

"Alice, is it nice to be in love?"

"What a droll question! What do you suppose?"

"I don't suppose anything. I want to know.

"A laudable desire for information prompts me.

"In poetry it seems to me as if it contains more pain than pleasure being in love. And so I ask you if it is so, and I think you might tell me."

"Well, I suppose it depends on circumstances.

"For my part"—Alice's voice sinks very low—"of course it is sad to have Bob so far away, and for such long periods. But the joy of knowing he loves me, of feeling every moment of the day that somewhere out on the blue ocean one true heart is beating for me, and loving me, and thinking of me, outweighs the pain. I am very happy."

"And I hope you may be always," says the young girl, impulsively kissing the hand she holds.

"I think it must be nice to be number one with some one like you are with Bob. I should like it."

"And you will be some day; but it is too soon for a child of your years to be talking of such matters."

"Alice, I am seventeen to-day. And many girls are married when they are seventeen"—indignantly.

"I hope you won't be married at present; I can't do without you yet. Neither can Richard."

The dark head droops, and Sophie says no more on the subject of love. When she speaks next it is in her usual light and flippant tone.

"And so you are not afraid of Bob having a love in every port, are you?"

"My dear child who taught you to speak in that way?"

"Don't be shocked. It is not my fault, it is my nature."

"Your old excuse. Where are you going now?"

But Sophie does not go very far.

She walks to the end of the darkened room, then comes back again to the window.

"Alice," she says, going behind Miss Selden's chair and clasping both arms round her neck, "Richard told me all today, about when I was little, and—and—how good he was.

"He was so good!

"And, Alice, you too.

"I love you for it!"

Alice turns and kisses the soft cheek resting against her own.

"But, Alice, there is one thing I want you to do for me.

"I ran away to-day without thanking him, or saying one nice thing to him, and I have been thinking about it all, out in the woods this afternoon, and I want you to tell him that I am not ungrateful, and——"

"My dear child, he does not want gratitude. He and I consider you the greatest treasure of our lives.

"When we found you first, we were very poor, but since then everything has prospered with us."

"You were poor! Then I was an additional burden," cries Sophie.

"Never a burden, dearest; our pet, and pleasure, and sweetest little torment."

"How good he is! Alice, will you tell him?"

"That he is good? I tell him that very often, dear boy."

"But tell him my message," pleads the girl.

"Tell him yourself; though he does not want any thanks.

"But, if you have anything to say to him, why not say it yourself? You are not shy with Richard. If so, it has newly come to you."

Sophie takes her arms away, and says no more. Just then a shadow passes the window; Alice starts forward, and Sophie goes away into the background, and curls herself up, unseen, in a corner of the sofa.

Richard and Miss Allington step in out of the gloom of the garden, bringing a breath of the flowers with them.

Miss Allington is enveloped in a soft white shawl, with one corner arranged picturesquely about her shapely head.

"I am quite ashamed to come and intrude on you at so late an hour, Miss Selden.

"But, please, you must scold your brother, not me."

"I don't think he deserves a scolding for giving us this pleasure. I am very glad to see you, Miss Allington," says Alice cordially.

Gabriel is a pretty, innocent-eyed little thing, with a frightened, half-deprecating manner. Her brown eyes have a very plaintive way of looking at people, as if expecting that they were going to scold her, and beseeching them not to do so.

She has been snubbed all her life, and this training has made her not only painfully timid, brt keenly susceptible to kindness.

"I have been up to see the Squire, and had a game of chess with him," says Richard, who stands half in, half out of the window, smoking a fragrant segar. "And I considered that my patient looked pale, and so I prescribed a walk."

"She was out this morning before breakfast; that ought to be enough for her," thinks the unobserved listener in the sofa corner.

"I also thought she looked inopish, and so I prescribed company, and, uniting the two prescriptions, I made her come down here with me," continues the young doctor.

"You were quite right. I wish you would prescribe, Dick, that Miss Allington would come down and see me somewhat oftener. You are not at all friendly, Miss Allington."

"I thought you did not want me," answers Gabriel simply.

"I should be glad to see you oftener. I am a good deal occupied with my household affairs, and you have not that excuse."

"No," answers Gabriel, with a little sigh; "I never do anything. There is never anything for me to do."

"Stupid thing, not to find something!" is the thought of the young lady in the dark corner.

"How nice it must be to have a dear little house like this!" Miss Allington goes on, glancing enviously around her.

"And to be quite mistress and do what one likes; and your garden is so pretty too!"

"Thanks to my brother," smiles Alice.

"We have so many big empty rooms at the Manor.

"There are none so homelike and pretty and cheerful as this. And in the garden one is quite a stranger.

"I dare not pick a flower, I must always ask the gardener; and he never gives me the one I ask for, and such short stalks too!"

"Quite a catalogue of miseries, poor thing!" Sophie thinks, giving her pillow an indignant little thump that no one hears.

"We have a despot here too in our Eden," says Miss Selden mockingly.

"It is as much as our lives are worth to touch a flower without permission.

"Richard is the greatest tyrant I ever knew. I sometimes tremble; I am very obedient, and Sophie intends to be; but she always forgets, and seizes the finest and best, and then comes to me with a face of consternation."

"By the way, where is Sophie?" asks Richard.

"Ah, it is only now he thinks of asking for me!

"How very condescending!" thinks Miss Sophie scornfully.

"I don't know. She was here, just before you came in, talking with me," answers Alice.

"Miss Allington, do you feel the night air too much, sitting so near the open window?" Selden asks next, throwing away his cigar.

"Not at all, thanks.

"It is so deliciously cool after this broiling day."

The very reason why you should not remain in a draught.

"You ought to be at the seaside now," he continues gravely, "laying up a stock of health for the winter."

"Yes, it would be nice. You have not taken any holiday this summer, Doctor Selden?"

"No.

"My little place looks so pretty, and my garden is in such capital order, that I did not care to leave it," he answers lightly, stepping inside and closing the window.

If the girl with the flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes lying on the sofa only knew that the real reson for his taking no holiday-trip lay up-stairs in her room in the shape of a gold and pearl locket in its fragment russia leather case! But she does not know.

"I think I must be going," says Gabriel, with a wistful tone in her pretty voice that says as plainly as possible she would like to stay.

"Papa will be wondering where I am."

"He will think you have eloped."

"He knows I have come out with your brother, so I don't think he will," answers Gabriel in a matter-of-fact manner.

"I shall go back with you, of course, Miss Allington," says Richard. "Alice, call Sophie to come with us."

Alice passes close by the sofa where the girl lies concealed.

Richard and Gabriel stand together in the window. Sophie breathe so quick and hard, she almost fears they will hear and discover her.

"I hope I have not been foolish to take you out so late," says Richard, arranging Gabriel's shawl about her shoulders; "but I thought you looked so dull that even a little of our society down here would brighten you up a bit.

"I wish Sophie had been here; she would have amused you."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR ME," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

I FOUND him, certainly" said Desmond, but he was was obliged to leave the next day.

"I was a little annoyed at first: but I determined, as I was there, to remain a little longer, and I have never regretted my visit to the 'fields,' for it taught me many a lesson which I should never otherwise have learned," Desmond went on thoughtfully.

"While there I made the acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship, of a boy and girl—brother and sister—who had come to the fields to make their fortunes, as the boy gravely informed me.

"They were very young, and friendless, and, as I afterwards discovered, very poor.

"The worst of all, the boy was dying of consumption!

"I was very much interested both in brother and sister—especially in the sister, for she was such a brave patient little soul, and I was able, without any trouble to myself, to help her in many ways."

"She ought to have been very grateful—was she, Sir Desmond?" Miss Wilfer said quietly.

"Grateful:

"Yes, far more than was necessary.

"She was very fond of me, I think," Desmond answered simply—"in a childish way—for she was very young and childish for her age.

"I believe she loved me better than any one else ever did before or since—loved me with a perfect love and faith which I shall never win again.

"I had not taken very kindly to diamond-digging, and I was about tired of the place and ready to come home.

"By-and-by—it is a sad story, I warn you, Miss Wilfer—the brother grew worse.

"I saw he could not live very long, and I felt it was impossible for me—their only friend—to leave that poor child to struggle through the coming trial alone.

"I determined to stay on.

"So far they had been very unlucky: but, one day, I had taken Patricia—that was her name—for a long walk across the veldt, and while we were sitting resting, she told me a great secret.

Only that morning she had found several large diamonds.

"We were both in high spirits over this stroke of luck, and, on returning to the camp, we found Jesse in equal excitement, for during our absence he had found a good-sized stone.

"I shall never forget the poor boy's flushed face and delighted eyes as he showed us the stone, and told us triumphantly that the tide had turned at last, and the success which he had always prophesied had come.

"And he was right.

"It had come, and—death with it!"

Desmond paused for an instant after saying the last word, and Miss Wilfer drew a deep breath that was almost like a sob.

Before them the landscape lay—hills and lake and valley—serene and beautiful in the soft light, but neither the man nor woman standing on the porch had eyes to notice its calm loveliness.

Their thoughts had gone back to the scene which Desmond's words had recalled so vividly.

Once more they were back on the banks of the great Vaal river—the red light of the sunset was pouring on the distant camp, on the brown-faced Kafirs over the cradle—on the dying boy's flushed face.

"Go on—tell me!"—with an effort Miss Wilfer forced herself to speak.

"There is not much more to tell.

"The boy died two or three days afterwards, and I brought the girl back to her friends in Durban.

"That is all," Desmond said simply.

"Is it?"

And Miss Wilfer looked up suddenly into his surprised face.

She was very pale; but her eyes were shining like great soft stars under her dark brows.

"Are you sure that is all, Sir Desmond? Have you no story to tell of your own self-denial and kindness—no words to say how you saved the poor girl—oh, it makes my heart ache to think of her now!—from a life of shame and degradation—how you taught her to long to be gentle and pure and womanly?

"Is the story indeed complete, or"—and she looked up into his face with sudden passionate tears in her eyes—"must I finish it for you?"

Desmond looked at her in a little surprise and embarrassment.

"You?

"Who told you?" he asked.

"But that was nothing; I only did what any honorable man would have done who had a mother and sisters at home.

"And now I have come to the part of the story about which I want to ask your advice."

He hesitated an instant, and even in the pale moonlight Miss Wilfer saw the color rush hotly into his face.

She stood waiting for the next words with her head bent and her hands clasped tightly on her breast, like a beautiful statue.

"Yes, go on," she said, turning her head slightly away as she spoke.

Again Desmond hesitated.

"This child—Patricia—had always been a great pet of mine," he went on, after a short pause.

"She seemed only quite a child to me, you know.

"There is a great gulf between a man of eight-and-twenty and a child of fifteen—and I used to kiss her and call her my little sweetheart.

"One afternoon—of course in a jesting way—I promised that some day, when she was old enough, she should be my little wife.

"She look up at me with her big eyes—was a very odd child"—and Desmond laughed tenderly—"poor little Pat!—and asked me if I were earnest, if I would wait for her.

"Oh, I'll wait, honor bright!

"I promise faithfully," I said.

"Well, do you know"—and Desmond looked down into his companion's face with a half-amused half-tender smile in his honest eyes—"I can't forget that promise.

It is quite ten years since I have seen her and yet I can't help fancying in an odd indescribe way that the promise binds me still.

"Some day she will stand before me and look up into my face with her great eyes, and ask me how I have kept it.

"And now I want you"—and Desmond drew a little nearer to his companion, and placed his hand quietly on the clasped white hand—"to tell me what you think. Is the promise binding still?"

"Why do you ask me?"

The beautiful face was shining with a strange happiness, and there had come a new happy inflection into the clear voice with puzzled Desmond.

He looked down into her face steadily.

"Because till I know you I never wanted to break it," he said, in an unusually agitated voice.

"I fancied the memory of my little sweetheart was far dearer to me than the love of any other woman could be.

"And you—you only, out of all the women I have known—have caused her memory to wax faint and indistinct in my heart made me long to be false to my plighted word, to my poor little sweetheart."

There was a curious tone of regret in Desmond's voice.

It almost seemed, Miss Wilfer thought, as if he would willingly have resigned this new love which had come to him, if only he could regain in its entirety the tender affection for his little sweetheart which had once so completely filled his heart.

She threw back her superb head, and flashed a swift sudden smile into his face as she said, with her hands still resting in his close clasp—

"And if I were to ask you to break that promise, Sir Desmond—to forget her entirely for my sake—what then?"

She moved a little nearer to him as she finished the sentence, and stood before him with her white gown gleaming in the moonlight, her dark head very near his breast, her lustrous eyes, full of a great happiness, looking up into his.

Desmond bent his head and kissed the white fingers which clung round his own with sudden passion.

"What then?

"I should do it—forget every one if you asked me," he cried.

A bright smile of triumph flashed into girl's eyes.

She drew her hands gently, but decisively, from Desmond's, and moved a few paces from his side.

"But I don't ask it," she said quietly, yet with a sweet excited thrill in her voice, "for I think the promise is as it was ten years ago."

"It is easy for you to say so"—Desmond looked at her with a half-angry, half-reproachful face—"because you do not care."

"Not care!

"It is because I care so much that I do say it," Miss Wilfer cried, in her sweet excited voice.

"What!

"Ask you to break your promise, to forget the poor little girl who, all through these weary years, has thought of no one, cared for no one but you, who has loved you with such a deathless, quenchless love?

"Oh, my dear, look at me!

"How could I, of all people, ask that?"

All at once a light broke over Desmond's mind, and that which had been but the shadow of a suspicion before deepened into absolute certainty.

He sprang forward, and, taking the smiling, tearful face between his hands, looked steadily and questioningly into the dark eyes which smiled back at him from behind their veil of tears.

"Why, it is little Pat herself!" he said, in a tone of infinite delight and surprise; and then, still holding the sweet blushing face between his hands, he bent his head and kissed her.

* * * * * *

"And you never knew me!" Patricia said reproachfully an hour afterwards as they still lingered on the porch, in happy oblivion of time and everything else besides. Mrs. Villiers had come to look after her guest half an hour before.

"Neither Patricia nor Desmond noticed her presence.

"She had the tete-e-tete.

"Why, I knew you at once, the very first time we met in the loggy street!

"Do you remember?

"Oh, it was so nice to be with you again; to feel you were taking care of me just as you used to do in the old days!" the girl cried, with happy tears in her eyes.

"Was it likely I should know you?

"See how you are changed!" Desmond said, stroking back the rich folds of her hair tenderly.

"How did it come about, dear?

"What fairy-godmother transformed my little Cinderella into this dazzling young princess?"

"It was a fairy-godmother this time:" and Patricia laughed sweetly.

"I was very miserable, awfully miserable after you left Durban.

"My aunt was kind enough in her way: but she had her own children to look after, and she was shocked at my wild ways and utter ignorance of all young ladylike accomplishments.

"She sent me to school for two years, and I hated that most of all, because I was not allowed to write to you or to receive your letters.

"Do you remember that letter you received?"

"Of course.

"I have it now.

"Desmond smiled tenderly at the remembrance of that miserable little letter.

"We—Miss Keenhall, my governess, and I—had such a battle over that letter.

"Patricia went on with a smile, half sad, half comical, at the remembrance of her school-days.

"I was locked up in my room for above a week before I would write it, and I only gave in at last because she declared she would write it herself if I would not.

"After I left school, I lived two years with my aunt and uncle.

"I was not dependent on them, you know.

"My diamonds sold very well—for more than five thousand dollars, I believe; and you get very good interest for your money in Natal.

"I had plenty to keep me in clothes and pocket-money, and I taught the children and helped in the house."

"It was not a very bright life, poor little girl!"—and Desmond bent and touched her soft hair caressingly with his lips.

"And did you ever think of me in those days, or was I quite forgotten?"

"Forgotten!

"Why, you have never been absent from my thoughts a single day!" Patricia cried. "Sometimes I thought I would write to you, and then my courage failed.

"I thought that perhaps you might be married or had forgotten me, and——"

"I never forgot you," Desmond interrupted.

"Some time after I received your last letter, I wrote to Jack Thorold, in Durban, and asked if he knew anything of you: and he replied that you had left Durban with your friends, and that he could not obtain your address.

"Then I wrote again, about four years ago, with the same result."

"If I had only known!

"I can understand how it was.

"We removed from Durban soon after I left school, and went up country to a farm-house, miles away from any town," Patricia answered.

"Once or twice I saw your name in the newspapers, and read a speech you had made in the House: and you seemed as far above me in every way that I dared not write.

"But all the time"—and the girl looked up with radiant smiling eyes—"deep down in my heart I felt quite sure I should meet you some day.

"And all through the long dull days, when life was unusually wearisome, I used to comfort myself with that thought, and amuse myself by fancying when and how the meeting would come.

"But I never—even in my wildest dreams—dreamt it would be as it was—in the middle of a London fog," the girl laughed.

"And you lived at this farm-house how long?"

"Nearly two years; then the fairy-godfather came.

"He was a cousin of mother's, an old widower, who had lost both wife and daughter during an epidemic of typhus-fever at the Cape.

"He took a great fancy to me, and offered to adopt me and make me his heiress, on condition that I should take his daughter's place and name.

"He was, oh, so good to me!"—and Patricia's eyes filled with grateful tears.

"We lived very happily together at the Cape for more than two years; then—he was always of a restless temperament—the fancy to visit America seized him.

"We made our home in New York, but we visited many other places besides, both in the States and Canada.

"Then, three years ago, he died, and I came to Europe last spring with Mrs. Oliver, my godfather's cousin; and now"—and she glanced into his face with a bright smile—"you know the whole history."

"Not quite.

"I want to know one or two other things," Desmond said imperatively.

"Since, as you say, you knew me at once, why did you leave me in ignorance so long?

"Why did you not tell me who you were at once?"

Patricia smiled.

"At first I thought I would wait a little till I saw if you were altered," she said simply.

"I wanted to find out if you had forgotten the old days, and then when I found"—and she colored brightly—"when I fancied you were beginning to like me, I waited to be sure that you loved me for myself alone and not for any sentimental memories of old times, before I told you."

"One thing more.

"Was it for my sake you sent away all your suitors, many of them much better fellows than I am, Pat?" Desmond asked tenderly; and again the bright color stained Patricia's face.

"I suppose so.

"How could I think of any one but you—be any man's wife but yours?" she said sweetly; and then her mood changed, and she gave a clear ringing laugh and dropped an arch little curtsey as she looked up into Desmond's face.

"I think I possess all the necessary qualifications, my lord.

"I have studied cooking under a French *chef*, and I know enough of music to play the accompaniments to your songs, and—what were the rest? I forget."

Desmond silenced her with a kiss.

"Don't remind me what a conceited idiot I used to be," he said, in a tone of infinite disgust.

"Did I really say all that?"

"Of course you did.

"I remember it distinctly."

"Then the smile faded, and Patricia hid her face on Desmond's shoulder, with a low passionate sob.

"How glad Jesse would be if he knew!" she whispered; and then came a sudden rush of tears.

Desmond stroked her hair caressingly, but he did not attempt to check her grief. He knew that even in the midst of her happiness her loyal heart was still faithful to the memory of the past, that her thoughts had gone back with a passionate tenderness to those older, sadder days, to the boy whom she had loved with such an exceeding great and precious love, and to the grave by the great Vaal river, where he lay in his last dreamless sleep.

* * * * * * *

And so in after years after her stormy youth, "earth's treasures" came to Patricia—treasures of gold and silver and houses and land, and with these other treasures still more precious and enduring. For perfect love and faith—thank Heaven!—belong equally to earth as to heaven—to time as eternity.

[THE END.]

THE REAL BOY.—I once heard a boy going down the street singing at the top of his lungs, "Dare to be right, dare to be true!" singing is so loud that he woke up all the babies on the block and set every last dog in the ward to barking, and as he smashed a window, broke a chicken's leg with a stone, "sassed" a market woman, shot a farmer in the eye with a "nigger-shooter," hit a dog a crack with a shinny-club that made poor Carlo howl till his back ached, pulled a picket off a fence, slapped a little boy and took his cookey away from him. He disappeared inside the school room, and above all other voices I could hear his soulful shriek in the morning song, "Oh, *how* I *love* my *teacher dear!*" And within fifteen minutes he inked a boy's nose, put two bent pins where they would do the most harm, salted a claim of shoemakers's wax on the teacher's chair, scratched his name on his desk with a pin, ate an apple and fired the core into the ear of the good boy with a thin neck who was never absent or tardy.

"Pleasant Polly."

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

THE fierce wintry wind howled and moaned as it banged the unfastened shutters about with relentless force, and drove the sleet against the windows in fitful, powerful gusts, which made the cheerful grate fire burning in old detective Vinton's hospitable room, seem more than ordinarily bright and comfortable to the four guests whom the veteran had persuaded to keep him company.

Rather an odd-looking group they were, as they sat round the table, and perhaps the oldest of them all was the grizzled host.

Many a hair-breadth escape and thrilling adventure had Vinton met with in the pursuit of his hazardous calling, yet it was only once in a great while that anyone could get him to speak of his escapes.

"Let the youngsters earn their own experiences; better for 'em in the end," he would say, with a wise shake of his gray head.

"I never knew a man yet to really profit by second-hand experience, though I've come across many a one who thought he could!"

And those who knew him best would give up the attempt, knowing that when old Vint took that tone he always meant the words as final.

For a few moments the men had sat and smoked in rather an odd silence, when young Markham, the youngest of the group, suddenly took his pipe from his mouth and held it in his hand long enough to say, "Vint, old man, this is just the night for a story, and you haven't told one for a long time.

"Fill up your glass and give us a good one; we know you've got plenty stored away in that shaggy head of yours."

There was a pause for a few moments, as they filled up their glasses, and settled themselves to listen; and then, as Vinton began, his searching glance rested on each of their faces in turn for a moment and afterward sought the fire.

"My hero is a man well known to all of you by repute—though not by the name that I shall give him—and one of us has had personal intercourse with him more than once before he left the force.

"It was in the winter of '53 or '54 that I first ran across Tom Trevitt, as I shall call him. Though I had been detective long enough to know him by hearsay as one of the best and cleverest men that ever hunted a criminal; still we had not met, and at last it was by the merest accident that I was introduced to him.

"From the first we seemed to take to each other, from the very oppositeness of our dispositions, I believe now, and we were just as contrary in appearance and looks, for Tom was a wonderfully handsome chap.

"And then he had such a pleasant, open face that very few suspected what he was; people took him more for a dandy than a detective; and a dandy he was, too, at heart—a regular one, with something of the flirt thrown in.

"But Tom had the girls on his side, and though they often called him heartless, and made a great fuss over his slighting ways, yet they took his part when the old people assailed him.

"But when I got to know him a little better, I began to understand that Trevitt was like a good many other young fellows, not by any means a marrying man, though the lads said many a time that if Tom was once fairly caught it would go hard with him—said it to his face, too; but he only laughed at them.

"Well, boys, Tom and I were together, on and off, for a little over three years, and then I lost sight of him, never seeing him again until after I had married and settled down a little, and then one day we met in the street, and I found him just as jolly and handsome as ever.

"I took him home, introduced him to my wife, and before an hour was over stood pledged to join him in a hunt for a gang of counterfeiters.

"Tom and another man had been given the case, each working separately until the clues came together, showing them a little village in Cornwall as the probable place where the counterfeiting work was carried on.

"Well, we started, and took the first train for Ramford, both sure that we'd never return empty-handed.

"The compartment we were in was pretty well filled, and among the rest of the passengers was a pretty little fresh-faced country girl, with a pair of innocent beautiful blue eyes.

"How it happened I never quite understood, but the first I knew Tom Trevitt was sitting beside her, answering her questions by giving all the information he could glean from the time-table, and then I heard her telling him her story, and where should she be going but to Ramford, the very place that we were bound for.

"She'd come from town, and was going to keep house for an uncle, I heard her say, and it struck me at the time that somehow or other Tom would manage to make the same house hold us.

"And I was not far wrong; within an hour after we had left the train he had driven a pretty hard bargain with the girl's uncle—a tall, shrewd fellow, who called himself Jonas Tuttle, but he managed to settle it all right.

"We stayed at Tuttle's nearly a week before Hawley managed to come down, and both Tom and myself had tried at odd times to discover the situation of the counterfeiters' den, though most of the real work fell on my shoulders; for Tom Trevitt's usually clear head was completely turned, and by that little country girl we met in the train.

"I felt sorry for her, for the old uncle and his two sons made her life a perfect hell on earth.

"Mind us? Not a bit of it; they bullied her just as they bullied and treated their horses and cattle, and the first thing I knew Tom took to abusing them and consoling the girl, until she began to watch for his coming, and then I spoke to Trevitt, and told him it wasn't right.

"We came about as near to a downright row that night as Tom and I ever were, and then I saw he was in dead earnest.

"I was glad for the girl's sake that it happened so, for she was one of the nicest, handiest little things that ever set her feet in shoes, though the last one I should have picked out to suit Tom Trevitt's fancy.

"But her innocent ways and pretty, childish face contrasted strongly with the city women, and even in that week Tom developed into the spooniest of lovers.

"But when Hawley the other detective came at last Tom turned his attention to business.

"We had more than once shadowed the game on the way to and from the cellar in which the coining was being carried on, and as Hawley had brought a friend, too, we decided on a raid.

"We all met just outside of the house, and then it came out that Hawley had left his friend behind, though he would give no explanation of his action, only saying that there would be enough.

"But you know the man we expect to find—Big Bill?" Tom whispered.

"And Hawley laughed.

"I wondered a little at his coolness, for Tom and I had both shadowed Bill himself only the night before. However, there was no time for argument then, and Tom suddenly burst open the door, leaving us to follow.

"One or two harmless shots were fired, and we found ourselves with two prisoners, a writing-table, and a number of half-finished bank-notes and twenty-five cent pieces scattered on the ground; that was all; no tools or anything to prove the work had been really done by the captured men; and in the struggle which followed Tom's arrival a wig and false beard had been torn off, showing the supposed Big Bill to be an entire stranger.

"Tom swore roundly when he discovered his mistake, for he would rather have had Big Bill than all the counterfeiters put together. Hawley laughed at him, and then I laughed, too, when I picked up a certain little trophy which I happened to light upon, half hidden among the coin; but still I didn't say anything, for I was mad, too, for thinking that the fact we had spotted Big Bill Fury and could lay our hands on him had blinded me as well as Tom.

"Hawley and his friend took the prisoners to the county jail the next morning, but not before the former had said a few private words to me. Tom declared he had some business to settle before he could leave, and at last I got it out of him that he was going to marry his little country friend.

"'When?' I asked.

"'To-morrow, if we can get away. Those brutes would work her to death if they got the chance; but she likes me, and I like her, so we've arranged it between us.'

"I suggested that it was rather quick work, and that upset him; he knew it was quick himself, but hated to hear anybody else say it.

"That same afternoon, to all intents and purposes I left, never minding Tom's request that I would stay and leave him with his bride.

"But the next night I watched him help the girl over the stile to where old Tuttle's fleetest horse stood harnessed to the trap a little way up the road, and just as the distant sound of the wheels died away, a muffled figure came through the gate, and in another moment Hawley and his posse were in the house itself, while the two trusty chaps he had left outside aided me in felling Big Bill to the ground and slipping the irons on him."

"By Jove! I expected as much," young Markham cried as Vinton paused, and the old fellow chuckled quietly at the remembrance.

"But what of Trevitt and the girl?" one of the others asked.

And Hawley laughed outright.

"Oh, Hawley's friend saw that Tom came to no harm, for he was waiting for them at the railway station; and when Tom drove up, he arrested the bride off hand as one of Bill Fury's accomplices, and at the trial it came out that she was his wife.

"I expect you have all heard of 'Pleasant Polly,' and well she earned her name, though that, I believe, was the first exploit in which she was detected.

"I never discovered how it leaked out, but it seems the gang heard of our being on their track, and sent the men and money to the cellar as decoys, the real work being done in the house itself. To save her husband, Polly formed the plan of meeting us in the train, getting us in the house—which was owned by her uncle, who was another accomplice of Bill's—and then enlisting the sympathies of one or both of us, though she discovered afterwards that she only intended getting one to take her back to London, when Tom's unlucky love-nonsense gave her a new idea.

"Bill's escape from his hiding-place was to have been effected on the night we made the raid, if possible; but Hawley, who was a fresh man, and a stranger to the gang, though they were known to him, checked that part of the programme by having his friend and another man guard the house.

"They expected to have captured Fury then, but Polly's sharp eyes spied the watchers, and put her on her guard. Perhaps the shrewdest part of the whole plan was having a decoy Bill; that took me in completely, for I thought I had already tracked the man to his lair, and of course never looked for him anywhere else.

"The first suspicion I had was aroused by finding one of the bows I had seen on Polly's head among the coins, and then I understood Hawley's coolness.

"She worked the whole affair, decoys and all; but believing only two detectives were in the place, she never thought to guard against him, and he readily discovered her identity.

"She was a good wife was Polly, and a talented, clever woman, too; only unfortunately she turned her talents to bad account."

"And Tom?" came in chorus from the listeners.

"Poor Tom! He was hard hit; but it cured him of flirting, and a little while afterwards he married a pretty lassie, and settled down as a good, steady husband.

"At last he learned to join in the laugh we always had against him, though even to this day he is better pleased to have the story ignored, and I don't blame him."

HOW TO MAKE A BOUQUET.—To make a bouquet, take first a mass of white, it may be a truss of white geranium, a double white stock, or a clematis, or, for a small bouquet, a bunch of the small double pyrethrum; then scarlet, which to an artist means orange; as, for instance, a double scarlet geranium, Tom Thumb nasturtium or any brilliant orange, though that color is not so abundant as it ought to be.

Put any of these next the white on one side of it; then take red, a bright rose, and the brighter the red the nearer it should be to the white, so that the other duller reds may be beyond it (by red is meant all colors of crimson, but red is the true designation); place these on the other side of the white.

Some very dark, almost black, flower may be also brought near the white, but only a very little of that color, and beyond the scarlet a very little of blue, such as that of an Emperor William pansy, or a little sprig of lobelia.

Beyond the red have purple and yellow brought together, and on the other side any flowers that have broken colors; beyond these again bring in blue in some mass and your taller flowers, as pentstemons (the blue kind make an admirable background and are always to be had), dark-colored fuchsias (some flowers or leaves of a brownish hue should interpose beyond the blue), and the last to introduce should be the maiden-hair fern, which certainly makes at all times a very pretty background.

Make this bouquet up in your hand, and avoid too much formality, as the colors will generally arrange themselves with sufficient effect and force, though they may intermix a little.

A bouquet has generally only one view, in which case it should slope gently upward; then the white should come near the bottom.

If it is to be seen all round, the white should be in the centre, with the above arrangement of colors in masses round the white.

When the bouquet is large enough, tie it round in the middle of the stems, cut them off evenly, and drop it into a vase of water. Two principles may be followed in making up a bouquet—one harmony and contrast of color, the other force of light and shade: which ever is chosen, to begin with pure white is absolutely necessary. Even if only composed of a single white flower, it should be the largest mass of the whole.

TRUE CIVILITY.—"The essential characteristics of a gentleman," says Mr. Charles Mathews, "are not an outward varnish or veneer, but inward qualities, developed in the heart."

The drover was a gentleman at heart, and in speech also, of whom this anecdote is told.

He was driving cattle to market one day when the snow was deep, save on the highway.

The drove compelled a lady to turn out of the road and tread in the deep snow.

"Madam," said the drover, taking off his hat, "if the cattle knew as well as I what they should do, you would not walk in the snow."

Charles Lamb tells a story of Joseph Price, a London merchant, who reverenced womanhood in every form in which it came before him.

"I have seen him," writes the genial essayist, "stand bareheaded (smile, if you please) to a servant girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it.

"I have seen him," he continues, "tenderly escort a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess."

These anecdotes show what genuine politeness is. It is a kindly spirit which expresses itself kindly to all. Of one who possesses it the remark is never made, "He can be a gentleman when he pleases." As Mr. Mathews says—and we wish boys to memorize the saying—"He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else."

A good watch is known by its works. It may be real good without having a pretty face.

Scientific and Useful.

GLASS STOPPERS.—When the fixed stopper of a glass bottle resists all management—such as warming the neck with a cloth wet with warm water, by tapping, and by the wrench, or by all these in combination, there is another means which will almost always succeed. Let the bottle be inverted so as to stand on the stopper in a vessel of water so filled that the water reaches up to the shoulder of the bottle, but not to the label. Two or three nights of this treatment may be required before the stopper will yield.

IRON AND RUST.—The process of coating iron surfaces with fine metallic zinc mixed with oil and a drier, and applied with a brush, is recommended. In many cases one coat of this paint is sufficient, and two coats are said to be a secure protection against both the atmosphere and sea-water. The zinc coating gives the iron a steel-gray appearance, and does not interfere with subsequent painting. A good mixture, of which only the necessary quantity ought to be prepared, consists of eight parts by weight of zinc, seventy-one of oil, and two of a siccative.

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.—An artificial leather mixed with from five to ten per cent. of sinew and pressed into sheets like ordinary leather card-board, has been recently made in Germany. Both materials are made separately. The leather pieces are washed, cut, boiled in alkaline lye, torn, neutralized with hydrochloric acid, and finally carefully washed once more to remove all traces of acid. The sinews are treated similarly, but steamed in an acid bath until they are like glue. When thus prepared the materials are mixed, pressed into sheets, moistened on both sides with a concentrated solution of alum, and the upper surface is at last given a thin coat of caoutchouc in solution with carbonic bisulphide.

HOW TO MAKE A RUG.—A good and quick way to make a mat to cover up some of the shabby places in your carpet, which will wonderfully brighten your room. Take all the bits of woolen cloth that are not large enough for anything else; cut them in rounds or have them of uniform size; string them on strong wrapping-cord, the different colors on separate cords; have ready a square of old rag carpet, or any bit of carpet, though rag is the best, being heavy and not given to turning up; sew your work on this very firmly. Geometrical designs and lines are the best patterns to follow; the floral are usually so unsatisfactory, and much harder to do. Work the design first; fill in with gray or black, and, if you wish, you may ornament the edge with pinked-out scallops or any bright bits of cloth.

Farm and Garden.

THE COW.—A few minutes with the card or curry-comb on a cow at this season improves her appearance and increases her comfort.

THE ROSE-SLUG.—There does not seem to be any feasible way of getting rid of the rose-bug except by hand-picking. The rose-slug is another depredator that should be kept under by dusting the plants with powdered hellebore.

SASSAFRAS.—Sassafras bushes may be eradicated by plowing deep and harrowing. This will bring the roots to the surface. Plant corn or potatoes, and keep the crop well hoed to kill any sprouts that may appear. Two years of this treatment will thoroughly destroy them.

SOAKING OATS.—An experienced farmer says that oats should be soaked sufficiently to swell before feeding them to stock. When soaked, the husk is partly torn away, and facility of digestion increased. Poultry will carefully pick out the soaked grains from the dry when allowed a preference in the matter.

THE BEST.—A writer recommends as the best fertilizer for fruits and cereal crops a mixture of finely-ground fresh bones and good wood ashes—six barrels of the former and twelve of the latter, to be well mixed together on a shed floor, adding during the mixing twenty buckets of water and one barrel of gypsum or plaster.

CARE OF TREES.—The law of Ontario provides that any person who ties or fastens any animal to, or injures or destroys, any tree planted or growing upon any road or highway, or upon any public street, or cuts down or removes any such tree without the permission of the proper authorities, shall be fined not over $25, or be confined not more than thirty days in the county jail.

THE FIRST-BORN.—A German writer has recently shown that the "first-born of the first-born" reach maturity at an earlier age than those of subsequent birth. That is, the first calf, colt and lamb develop a little more rapidly than did their parents, or than will their own brothers and sisters. If the separation be kept up for a number of generations, the difference often becomes quite marked.

BUTTER-STAMPS.—Dairy women often complain because their butter-stamps and cups check or spill after a little use, so as to become worthless. A butter-stamp should be washed and scalded after use, and then put away damp, and where it will keep damp until wanted again. Any wood used for handling salted butter will soon be filled with brine, and there is no necessity of drying it through and through.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 14, 1883.

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OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

It has been the fashion to separate handwork from head-word, as if the two were incompatible. One was for laborers and mechanics, the other was for professional and literary people; one was for the poor, the other for the rich. But we are gradually learning that their harmonious union is the only means of the perfection of either.

Ruskin says truly, "We want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operator; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker ought often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. The mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity."

The doing things with a hearty enthusiasm is often what makes the doer a marked person, and his deeds effective. The most ordinary service is dignified when it is performed in that spirit. Every employer wants those who work for him to put heart into the toil. He soon picks out those whose souls are in their service, and gives them evidence of his appreciation. They do not need constant watching. He can trust them in his absence. The places of honor and profit naturally fall to them.

No single individual can ever rise so high in the scale of intelligence and morals, when those around him are not also rising, as he can when they are. He can accomplish much for himself by energy, culture, and will, but not all. So closely is he related to his family, his friends, his city, his nation, that all the sufferings they endure, all the sins they commit, and all the ignorance under which they labor, must, in greater or less degree, react to drag upon his progress and be a barrier upon his happiness.

In this light there is no policy so poor as selfishness. It destroys its own ends by following them solely. He who seeks exclusively his own interests will never find them, for they lie not in the path he is pursuing. Duty to others and an enlightened self-love teach the same lessons. We cannot neglect ourselves without injuring others; we cannot neglect others without injuring ourselves.

The great problem is so to order our lives and conduct as to sweep away the apparent conflict and recognize the real harmony that exists. When the interests of the individual and those of the community are no more separated in thought and deed than they are in reality, then will the truest, surest, most permanent progress of humanity ensue.

SANCTUM CHAT.

In Paris, the city of suicides, all the statistics go to show that they predominate either in the depth of winter or during the hottest days of summer. What is true of Paris is becoming, every year, truer of New York and other large cities.

—

DR. S. T. FORD, of Hagerstown, Ind., died a few days ago. Before his death he made all arrangements for his funeral—hired a special train, bought 110 tickets, issued the invitations to his friends, paid hotel bills in advance, etc. He was fifty-six years old, wealthy, and left a third wife, twenty-one years old.

—

ACCORDING to a return issued the other day at Berlin, 918 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation between 1864 and 1868, of whom only 25 were executed. Between 1868 and 1878 no fewer than 428 were condemned; but in no case was the sentence carried out. In 1878 Hodel was executed for his attempt on the life of the Emperor. In 1879 and 1880 there were no executions, and since 1881 there have been only three.

—

AN ingenious Frenchman has lately imparted to the world his secret remedy for that plague of cities, the organ-grinder. When one of that race appears before the window, he steps out into his balcony and listens, with the liveliest satisfaction and delight, while the miscreant grinds his programme through. Astonished at this unwonted appreciation, he naturally expects a substantial recompense. But when this is signified a frown takes the place of the smile on the monsieur's face, the balcony is deserted, and the window shut. The baffled musician makes a note of that house, and grinds elsewhere for the future.

—

THE colored coachman has become rare and unfashionable. He seldom sits upon the box of a swell carriage. In his place are Englishmen, with fresh, ruddy face, mutton-chop whiskers, straight backs, and well-gloved hands. They are usually dressed in a tight-fitting green coat, white corduroy breeches and top boots. Beside them on the box are footmen, exact counterparts of themselves, except that they are somewhat lighter in weight.

—

A CURE for rheumatism, an English doctor has found, is total abstinence from food. He declares that many cases of acute articular rheumatism have been cured by fasting from four to eight days, while chronic rheumatism was also alleviated. No medicines were given, but patients could have cold water and lemonade in moderation. The doctor states that rheumatism is only a phase of indigestion, and therefore can be cured by giving complete and continued rest to each and every one of the digestive organs.

—

WE Americans are supposed to excel in the ingenuity and boldness of our advertising methods, and some large firms keep men specially employed in devising new methods of attracting public attention. A London theatre manager has been the first one, however, to impress the telegraph into his service and send genuine telegrams giving well-to-do householders all over town the following information: "You should not miss seeing 'Youth,' revived with best comedy company in London. Also with new and startling effects."

—

NATURE creates by the million, apparently that she may destroy by the myriad. She gives life one instant only that she may snatch it away the next. The main difference is, that the higher we ascend the less lavish the creation, and the less sweeping the destruction. Thus, while probably but one fish in a thousand reaches maturity, of every one thousand children born, six hundred and four attain adult age. That is, nature flings aside 999 out of every 1,000 fishes as useless for her purposes, and two out of every five human beings.

—

CONSUMPTION has hitherto been regarded as a disease of the lungs, which cannot be reached directly except by inhalation, and the value of that form of medication is problematical. A new theory of the disease, called the Salisbury theory, makes it one of unhealthy alimentation. According to this view, it is the fermenting of food in the stomach, which furnishes to the circulation noxious material that affects the lungs on reaching those organs. Granting the truth of the theory, we shall have to consider consumption as curable. All that needs to be done is to use only such food as will not ferment in the stomach, and to clean that organ occasionally by a judicious use of warm water, with simple tonics before meals to aid the digestive process. The idea is well worthy the attention of the many who are supposed to be in the initial stages of consumption. It would be an inestimable boon if it be the means of saving them, to say nothing of the many others whose cases are otherwise hopeless.

—

A PROMINENT writer in a recent letter remarks: "Have you seen the recent statistics on divorce? Appalling! And the most cultured centres seem to be the most given to divorce. While on this similar theme I may as well call attention to the hasty marriages of the period, and the consequent tardy divorces. I have long entertained a notion peculiarly my own on this subject, and I now put it forth with all seriousness, and trust that it may be so received; and that is, that marriages should be almost impossible, and divorces very easy. To be a bit explicit: I would have it so established that no marriage should take place hastily. Two or three years with universal publication of the proposed marriage, in the case of very young people, should be required; or one or two years in the case of older people. This, I think, would put your divorce courts pretty well out of employment. There would certainly be but few divorces under this arrangement. And if there should be any I would have them obtained by the consent of the parties, and as speedily as possible, without the years of delay and the fearful publicity of scandals which bring all concerned to shame, and sometimes to ruin. At least something must be done. Maybe my plan is not the right one. But certainly if we can stop the marriages, we will stop some of the divorces; eh?

—

THE *Lancet* calls attention to the fact the special culture of the senses is too much neglected. To the increasing neglect of this culture, it traces, in large part if not wholly, the cause of the progressive degeneracy of the faculties of special sense, which is evidenced by the increasing frequency of the recourse to spectacles, ear-trumpets, and the like apparatus, designed to aid the sense organs. The mere use of faculties will not develop strength—it is more likely to exhaust energy. Muscular exercise wisely regulated and apportioned to the bodily strength is felt to be a part of education. Sense culture, by appropriate exercises in seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, would, if commenced sufficiently early in life, not merely prevent weakness of sight, loss of the sense of feeling, and impairment of the sense of smell long before old age, but by its reflected influence on the nutrition of the brain and upper portion of the spinal cord would, the same authority holds, do much to reduce the growing tendency to paralytic diseases, which are decidedly on the increase.

—

A NEW phase in the woman case is thus delineated—if a report in one of the Boston daily papers can be relied upon—alleged to have come from the individual most directly interested: "I am a milliner, and I have made between $1,500 and $2,500 a year in my business for some time past. I married four years ago. My husband is kind and good-looking, but he never learned any trade, had no profession, and could not average $500 a year. Still, I loved him; but I saw that it would not do to depend upon him, so I kept on with my business. After a time I think he got a little lazy, and as we were both away during the day, we could not keep house, and got tired of boarding. Finally, I proposed that he should keep house, and that I would run the business and find the money. We have now lived very happily in this way for two years. My husband rises and builds the fire, gets breakfast, and I leave at 7.45 for my place of business. He does the washing and ironing and the cleaning, and I do not know of any woman who can beat him. He is as neat as wax, and can cook equal to any one in town. It may be an isolated case, but I think the time has now come when women who have husbands to support should make them do the work; otherwise they are luxuries we must manage to do without."

—

SAYS a musician: "I can give you a simple rule by which the most ignorant may know whether any given piece of music should or should not be admired. If you know at once what it is all about; if it seems to be saying 1, 2, 3, hop, hop, hop, or 1, 2, 3, bang, bang, bang, you may conclude at once that you are listening to something of a very low order, which it is your duty to despise. But when you hear something that sounds as if an assorted lot of notes had been put into a barrel and were being persistently stirred up, like a kind of harmonious gruel, you may know it's a fugue, and safely assume an expression of profound interest. If the notes appear to have been dropped by accident, and are being fished up at regular intervals in a sort of placid or drowned condition, it is likely to be a nocturne; and nocturnes, you know, are quite too lovely for anything. If the notes seem to come in carloads, each note of a different kind from the last, and if the train seems to be an unreasonably long time in passing a given point, it will turn out most likely to be a symphony; and symphonies are just the grandest things that ever were. If the notes appear to be dumped out into masses, and shoveled vigorously into heaps, and then blown widely into the air by explosions of dynamite, that a rhapsody; and rhapsodies are among the latest things in music."

FIRE-FLIES.

BY C. A.

'Tis June, and all the lowland swamps
Are rich with ruffled reeds and ferns,
And filmy with the vaporous damps
That rise when twilight's crimson burns;
And as the deepening dusk of night
Steals purpling up from vale to height,
The wanton fire-flies show their fitful light.

Soft gleams on clover-beams they fling,
And glimmer in each shadowy dell,
Or downward with a sudden swing
Fall, as of old a Pleiad fell;
And on the fields bright gems they strew,
And up and down the meadows go,
And through the forest wander to and fro.

They store no hive nor earthly cell,
They sip no honey from the rose;
By day unseen, unknown they dwell,
Nor aught of their rare gift disclose;
Yet when the night upon the swamps
Calls out the murk and misty damps,
They pierce the shadows with their shining lamps.

Now ye, who in life's garish light,
Unseen, unknown, walk to and fro,
When death shall bring a dreamless night,
May ye not find your lamps aglow;
God works, we know not why nor how,
And, one day, lights, close hidden now,
May blaze like gems upon the angel's brow.

Table-Turning.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

IF I were an artist, Olive, I should take you as my model for Autumn; brown eyes, brown hair, and a color that always reminds me of ripe fruit. You'll be very pretty one of these days."

Harry Clifford said this with a smiling air of patronage as he strolled about the garden of his father's house this fair autumn morning, watching the peacocks on the lawn, with its background of green bushes; winding paths led to deeper recesses through arches of yew or trained laburnum, and red carnations shone in patches against the prevailing hue of green. Clifford House was the quaintest old place in the county, and the Cliffords claimed to be one of the oldest families.

The present master was a widower with two sons, the youngest of whom was a quiet young fellow, rather looked down on by his father and brother; the elder, Harry Clifford, was a dashing gentleman, fully conscious of his own charms, and blessed with an excellent opinion of himself.

He would make a royal progress through life, he believed, it lay like an Elysian field before him, he meant to enjoy himself to the utmost.

Some few years ago Clifford House had received another inmate, in the shape of an orphan girl, a ward of Mr. Clifford's, Miss Olive Prescott, at that time a shy, rather awkward school-girl, whom Harry teased, whilst Edward amused her in pity for the lonely little creature.

In due time her guardian had sent her to school, and so she had lost sight of the young fellows for a time; they grew from boys to men, and she developed into a still shy young lady, with a promise of beauty of a gipsy cast.

School-days were over, and she had returned home, to find Edward the same quiet being Harry the gay, *debonair* Prince charming, who had been the hero of all her stories, and who seemed the realisation of all her ideals.

Mr. Harry Clifford had a decided taste for flirtation, and wanting something to do in this dull country-place, he amused himself by love-making.

If he had ever read the old fable, "What is sport to you is death to me," he had forgotten it; it was too absurd to think that an awkward girl, fresh from school, could believe that *he*—heir of Clifford, one of the "gilded youths" of society—meant anything serious; and it was not disagreeable pastime to wander about with Olive; to see the "red flag" mounted at his pretty flatteries; to look into the exquisite brown eyes until the long lashes drooped over them; to whisper foolish words, and once to sever a lock of that silken curling hair.

They walked up and down the path today—he bending his bright head to peep under the shade of Miss Prescott's sun-hat—until it was time to go in for lunch.

Mr. Clifford looked up from the county paper as his eldest son entered.

"Friends of yours in Hexmere, Harry," he said. "The Grayeres are at the Abbey, and with them Lady Iva Faneworth."

Harry Clifford colored to the roots of his hair, and his face grew sunny as the fair autumn day.

"I shall call there to-morrow," he said, with quite a new eagerness in his manner.

"Lady Grayere and I got on splendidly in London."

Olive looked at him rather reproachfully.

Had he so soon forgotten his promise to ride with her to-morrow?

"And you got on splendidly with someone else," suggested Mr. Clifford, smiling.

"We're neither blind nor deaf, Harry.

"I suppose for the next six weeks your society at home will be a novelty?"

"Why so?" questioned Olive involuntarily.

"Ask Harry, my dear.

"Lady Iva will not have forgotten you, I suppose?" and Harry Clifford colored again.

"Don't tell tales out of school," he said, laughingly, but with an uneasy glance at Olive, who had suddenly turned very white.

After luncheon she returned to the garden, a strange dizziness stealing over her.

Who was Lady Iva, and what was she to him?

As she wandered aimlessly about, the sound of voices fell on her ear—Harry and his father talking together.

"If she will marry you, Harry, I shall be delighted."

"I don't doubt what my answer will be," returned Clifford junior.

"Iva would not flirt, and last season she gave me every encouragement.

"If I have no title, my name and wealth equal hers at the very least."

Mr. Clifford returned to the house, leaving his son to enjoy the fresh air, and Olive followed the latter slowly; reaching his side, she touched his arm, and looking around, he started.

"What is it?" he asked, not altogether pleased at the interruption of his reverie on his lady love.

"I want to ask you something," said Olive, speaking very quietly, with her hands tightly clasped.

"Is this true about Lady Iva Faneworth?"

"Is what true?"

"That you—love her?"

The words were spoken, and the girl stood waiting for the reply.

Harry looked at her, feeling somewhat uneasy, and then he came to the conclusion that there was no use beating about the bush, and he had best get over the little disagreeable at once; it was a small stone in his smooth path to be brushed aside.

"I suppose it is true," he answered, airily; "we were a good deal together last season; I certainly admire her very much."

"She is very beautiful?" asked Olive.

"As a princess," he answered, glad that she took it so quietly.

"And very accomplished?"

"Very; she has a voice like a lark's too."

There was a dead silence, and then Olive exclaimed, two red spots glowing through her brown cheeks:

"Then why did you pretend to care for me?

"Why did you say you loved me?

"What had I ever done to you, that you should break my heart?"

"My dear Olive——"

"Don't call me that!

"Oh, Harry, how could you be so cruel, so deceitful?

"You might have left me in peace."

"You might have known I wasn't serious," he said, feeling half ashamed, half sorry, and all angry.

"How was I to know? you never told me.

"How could you be so cruel?

"It would have cost you little to spare me."

"Well, if I went on with this, Olive, I am sure it could not end happily for either of us; so we had better not—not—well, what is the use of marrying without love? Don't you see——"

"I don't want to hear you!" cried the girl, passionately.

"I think no man could admit himself wrong; no man could be at a loss for an excuse.

"Let me alone! I wish I had never seen you."

"Why should we quarrel, Olive? When you have been in the world, and flirted yourself——"

But she dashed past him into the house, and flung herself on the couch in the deserted library, sobbing in solitude; this was the end of her summer idyll! for this she had given away her heart!

How long she lay there she never knew; it seemed like hours, and Edward coming in for a book, found her lying there, still sobbing.

"Olive, my poor little sister, what is the matter?" he asked, half guessing the cause of her grief.

"Tell me what the trouble is, my child; you can surely trust me!"

She did not know how it was, but she did trust this good brother of hers, and the young man listened gravely.

"Don't cry any more, Olive.

"You are only a child yet; and hard though it seems now, you will get over it.

"Be a woman, Olive; why should you grieve for one who never deserved you?"

"Advice is easily given, Edward.

"I can only think of those lines:

"'We shall tread no more on the hills of earth,
We shall look no more upon care-worn faces;
Loves and hopes that were ours shall find,
Deeper than lead sinks, burial-places!'

"I wish that day would come for me!"

Meanwhile Harry Clifford had galloped off to the Abbey, with an atom of self-reproach in his heart, though after all Olive was most in fault.

She should not have been so silly.

It was hard lines if a fellow couldn't say a word without a girl thinking him head over ears in love with her!

The Abbey was one of those queer old houses where every species of architecture seems jumbled together.

Why called Abbey no one knew, for it looked as much like a mud-cabin as the ecclesiastical edifice.

Lady Grayere, its mistress, was a tall, thin lady, with no claim to beauty, but thoroughly aristocratic, with a nose formed to command, and a faint, tired smile on her lips.

She seemed in a state of perpetual exhaustion—always bored, always well-bred, always languid; and even the arrival of Harry Clifford, one of her favorites, did not rouse her in the least.

It was very hot. The long French windows were open, and a heavy scent as of dying roses floated in.

Fields were shorn and bare, and autumn hues in the woods and gardens.

As Lady Grayere stifled yawns and feigned an interest in Clifford House, Harry glanced through the window, and beheld the lady of his love standing on the lawn in the shade of a huge sycamore.

He had styled her beautiful as a princess, and so she was. She was tall, but supremely graceful; her profile noble, with a neck long and slim; a chin with a dimple, exquisitely-curved lips, aquiline nose, fine black brows, and solemn eyes of the richest blue; her color was cream-white, with the faintest possible tinge in the cheeks.

Add to this a crown of jet-black hair in natural ripples, knotted at the back of a queenly head, and you have Lady Grayere's niece—Iva Faneworth.

Harry watched her—saw the sunlight glittering on the jewels on her fingers as she plucked the leaves from a flower.

She was not alone; beside her was a tall gentleman with a brown beard and hooked nose.

"You have friends here, Lady Grayere?" observed Harry.

"Yes, several.

"Lord Royton, Iva's betrothed, came yesterday!"

"I beg your pardon," faltered Clifford; but my lady murmured on unmindful of the interruption.

"Perhaps you do not know him, Mr. Clifford.

"He has been abroad some time. Get Iva to introduce you.

"Their wedding will be in September! He is very nice."

Harry felt as if the ceiling of the handsome room were crushing him through the carpet.

A cold dew broke out on his forehead; and then he heard the soft rustle of silky robes.

A hand the color of cream was extended, and a sweet, low voice murmured something about having the pleasure of introducing an old friend to Lord Royton; and he looked at the imperial beauty he had loved in vain.

"You jilted me! You played me false!" he was saying an hour later, when Lord Royton was devoting himself to Lady Grayere.

Lady Iva laughed—just the laugh you would expect from her, low and sweet as her voice.

"If you choose to take the flirtation of a season as serious, I am very sorry!" she answered.

"You know the world, or you ought to do so!

"Please don't go into tragics; that is a privilege I accord only to Lord Royton!"

"I hope you will never be sorry for this Lady Iva!"

"Thank you! Good wishes are always welcome to me!

"Of course we are friends when we meet again?

"It is not worth our while to quarrel!"

"How *could* you be so heartless?"

"How *could* you be so foolish?" said Lady Iva, laughing, her exquisite eyes bright as ever; and then she rose, some faint perfume stealing from her robe as she moved.

Harry Clifford rode home with a heavy heart; he was cut deeply, and the wound smarted with intense pain; but he would not remain here to give Iva the satisfaction and triumph of seeing how he suffered; he would join Cuthbert Drewitt's party to India for jungle-ranging, and if he were killed so much the better; when she read of his death perhaps she would be sorry for him!

This was the announcement he made to his father that very evening, throwing the worthy gentleman into a state of great alarm.

"If she has refused you, Harry, there are others—Olive, for instance; her fortune is very good."

But for reasons best known to himself, Harry Clifford would make no proposal to Miss Prescott, and clung to the jungle idea with the tenacity of a leech; he was not going to stay here to be pitied and laughed at by friends and acquaintances when the story of how he had been "sold" became public property, as it infallibly would.

* * * * * *

"Au revoir, then. Dine with us to-morrow?

"Just ourselves; Lady Royton old friend of yours; I shall look out for you."

So spoke Lord Royton, that most amiable of men, pressing the hand of a bronzed traveller whom he had encountered in Hexmere; for Lady Grayere was again at the Abbey with Lord and Lady Royton, to whom she acted mother.

Five years had come and gone since the day when Harry Clifford sailed for India; and he had returned safe and sound, and decidedly cured of his *penchant* for the "proud lady."

He was a man now with more sense and less vanity, and time had long ago healed the deep wound; he wondered how he could have been such an idiot as to feel heartbroken for any woman under the sun; he had gone through a round of adventures, until, home-sick, he planted his foot once more on his native hearth.

He was master of Clifford house now, head of the family; time with his broad wings had swept old Mr. Clifford to the grave; Edward had turned diplomat and figured at a foreign Court; Olive and her fortune had taken refuge with Aunt Yarroh; and the only thing like olden times was the presence of the Roytons.

Clifford House was lonely, and he was glad of the invitation to the Abbey.

He found Lady Grayere more languid than ever, whilst the meeting between himself and his former love was commonplace; he took her hand and heard her voice with no feeling save serene indifference, and a vague wonder for what he had adored her in the past; yet five years had but added to her imperial loveliness, and her voice had all the old richness—out of the shadows stepped someone else.

"You ought to know, Miss Prescott," observed Lady Iva, with her slow smile, and Harry started.

Was this Olive—the timid, awkward school-girl, this tall young lady—

"Whose face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light?"

Whose wealth of hair curled above eyes as bright as stars—whose beauty was fresh and piquant—who, beside lady Iva, was like a fragrant wild-rose by a heavy, languid, splendid lily!

"We met Olive in London, and were quite charmed with her," said Lady Iva, as they passed to the dining-room; "we carried her off in triumph this time; Mrs. Yarroh can so seldom spare her."

Harry murmured something inaudible.

"Have you seen your brother since you returned?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"He is in London."

"Is he? Poor Edward!"

"Why poor?" questioned her ladyship, lifting her delicate brows; "I assure you he is very much envied."

Harry did not ask why, as he felt more interested in Olive just then.

After dinner, when they were in the drawing-room, she sang for them, in her fresh young voice, old songs that Harry knew well—songs he had sung in the dusky parlor of Clifford House.

He closed his eyes, and almost fancied that the strange, rich perfume of carnations floated by—that he stood in the garden again, watching the blushes on a girl's face, seeing the light deepen in her soft brown eyes.

How foolish had he been! how wicked! Now he would give all he had to see the rosy hue heighten at his approach—to see the sweet lips quiver at his words.

Had he been mad, to throw away that young, pure heart—to leave her for a woman of the world—a statue without a soul?

Dear little Olive!

And was there no hope for him—was it altogether impossible to win her?

Why should it be?

She had loved him in the past, she might love him yet.

At least he would "put it to the touch, to gain or lose it all!"

* * * * * *

"I wonder, Olive, if you remember this time five years ago?"

Olive stood by the lake in the Abbey grounds feeding the swans, her white dress falling in soft folds round her, some gorgeous scarlet blossom shaking its leaves from her silken hair, and by her side stood Harry Clifford.

Lady Royton lounged on a rustic chair with my lord in attendance, and a morning sky of cloudless blue bent over all.

"I think so," Miss Prescott answered; "my memory is good."

"Olive, what a fool I was in those days!"

"I might say the same myself," she replied, tranquilly.

"I was only a school-girl though."

"I made a mistake, Olive," he said, dwelling on her name.

"I almost threw away the substance for the shadow."

"Many of us are guilty of that," she replied, with a shrug.

"May I speak to you—just a few words?"

"I beg your pardon; I thought you were speaking."

There was something in her bright, cool indifference not quite pleasing to Harry Clifford; and instead of looking anxiously at him, waiting for his words, she went on breaking pieces for the swans, and singing an air from "Trovatore."

"Are you glad to see me?—glad that I returned?"

"I don't see why I should not be."

"Do you remember when I loved you, Olive dearest?"

"I remember when you pretended to," was the answer.

"It was no pretence, Olive. I loved you all the time truly and sincerely; but I was weak and vain, and dazzled by another's beauty.

"Will you forgive me?"

"I forgave you—five years ago, Harry Clifford.

"I have been away a long time, Olive, but I never forgot you. I don't offer you now a boy's love, but the deep firm love of a man, which death alone can change—a love I never felt for anyone before which I did not believe myself capable of feeling! Will you be my wife?"

She looked at him with her calm dark eyes clear and steadfast, her voice firm.

"I may say with you that I almost threw away the substance for the shadow.

"I am the promised wife of a man who has loved me all his life, even when I was a foolish girl; who would not tell me of his love when he thought I cared for another; who was my consoler in the hour of my sorrow, but who would not take advantage of it to plead his own causes; who has waited for me all these years in loving patience, and for whom I would give all—all I have!"

"You never loved me, then, Olive Prescott?"

"You are right; it was a mistake of my youth!"

"And the man you are to marry is——"

"Your brother!

"We go abroad shortly!"

Lady Iva's voice was heard now.

Olive turned aside, addressing Lord Royton merrily.

"You look as if you were ill!" said Lady

Royton, surveying her old friend. "Some trouble, Mr. Clifford?"

Mr. Clifford shook his head; but Lady Iva guessed what had happened.

"'He that will not when he may!'" she murmured, placidly; and then Lady Grayare wandered out to say that patterns for Miss Prescott's wedding-dress had come. Olive shook her dress free from crumbs; Clifford gathered the red leaves which had fallen from her hair and thrust them into his breast; Lord Royton hummed in his tuneless tenor:

"'There is no blue in my life's gray sky,
Storms have withered the flow'rs of its May;
Oh! had I been true in the times gone by,
I had not mourned by myself to-day.'"

What They Said.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

WHAT she said confidently at dusk:—"I don't know, I am sure; I never thought I could be so—foolish, I suppose it will be called—at my age, too, and with all my bitter experience.

"It is the strangest thing—I can scarcely believe it myself—but when I feel that safe happy heart-rest that I do when he looks down in my eyes, and asks me in his honest, true voice—

"Are you sure, dear, that you really trust me?

"Is it not too great a venture to again risk your life's happiness with a man who has been—not so good a one as you deserve—but yet one who loves you so dearly that through your love and trust he may prove himself worthy of both?"

"Ah, when I hear these words, and see the look that accompanies them, I know them that without him my life would be a bitterer blank than it already is.

"All have suffered and endured would be still harder to remember—if I lost him, too.

"I love him!

"You shake your head, and looked shocked at the declaration.

"Well, I can understand how you look upon it.

"I have viewed it in all lights.

"I have weighed it well, and it has seemed to me sometimes that it is a mad step that I am about to take.

"But listen.

"Had you dragged out the weary years I have wept away.

"If you had been the wretched, wronged unhappy woman I have been, and then one day the vision of a happy, loving home had opened itself to you, and at its head a man you felt to be noble, good, and true, and he loved you, and you loved him—not with a girl's untried heart's devotion, but with a woman's deeper, calmer affection—could you shut out that vision without a pang? Could you reject and crush that love with cold words and colder actions?

"Could you stifle the warm glow that moved the heart you 'bought frozen and dead?

"I ask you now, as woman to woman, could you refuse it all?

"Ah, I see your eyes, my friend.

"Their answer is there, and it is a woman's answer?

"Tis in the way it came about.

"I have not explained the affair to everyone, but you, dear friend, shall hear all.

"After that sad time in my life, when childless, and worse than widowed, my brothers brought me home, they tried to comfort me, and told me from that time forward I should be their dearest care; but although, contrary to their commands and and wishes, I had gone to live with my husband after his first cruel desertion, they yet thought I had fulfilled a true wife's duty in so doing, and that there never could be a shadow of reproach upon my conscience.

"I left them again, you recollect.

"I was so eager to believe my husband's promises and vows

"And I then weakened to the truth; I beheld myself so unworthy a sacrifice unto a man lost to all sense of honor and shame

"Again I was forced to claim protection and help from the brothers I had so wilfully disobeyed.

"They took the law in their hands then, and freed me from the unhappy tie, and said I should again be the 'little sister' for whom it had ever been their pleasure and pride to provide.

"Their homes were open for me to choose from.

"They were very kind, and their good wives were sisters indeed.

"I was contented and happy as one in my unhappy position could be.

"Oh! there would come wild dark moments of despair sometimes, when I wished that I were dead.

"Why had I to make life a boon?

"My little child, in whom I had felt some impulse to live, was gone; a grave was all I had to call my own!

"The husband for whom I had sacrificed parents, brothers, all who loved me, had proven himself unworthy of any woman's love!

"I was alone—utterly alone!

"My brothers had their wives and little ones.

"Not a night was there that I did not greedily look upon their happy firesides, and feel that I alone of all the circle was was not of them.

"When the wives kissed their husband's 'good-bye' in the morning, and the children put up their little mouths at night, I would choke down my tears, and try to laugh with them.

"And when my chamber door was shut at night a wild, bitter cry went up out of my woman's heart.

"People said—

"She is fortunate in having such a devoted, kind brothers and so many beautiful homes to go among."

"Ay, I was fortunate—more, I was blessed! and I thanked them with my lips and in my heart for the kindness I had received.

"But I could not forget that I was still alone, and, in spite of all the tender sympathy showered on me, I was miserable and unhappy.

"What was I?

"A woman with the odium of divorce attached to her name!

"Blameless as I was, there was still a stigma upon me.

"I felt it when strangers called, and I was introduced.

"Who did they think I was?

"Ah! their curious eyes were daggers in my face.

"If I left the room, I imagined my name was upon their tongues.

"A whisper among them set me tingling.

"I was a mystery, to be accounted for, by them, for living with my brothers' wives!

"I was outside all circles.

"What companion was I for either maidens or wives?

"To the one, how could I laugh and talk merrily of love and marriage?

"To me both had been bitter experiences—to the others, fond husbands and dear little ones were dreaded topics.

"Oh, they were considerate and kind, and they tried to make me forget my sorrows in their joy.

"But my own feelings lie closest, and deep down there was ever an ache and a pain. Then he came into my life.

"He had buried his wife while I knew him, although I had seen him but once or twice while she lived.

"She was one of the few women towards whom I felt a warm and trustful enough liking to talk of my troubles.

"She was older than I, and a noble, good, kind woman.

"I revere and honor her memory.

"After her death, I felt that I had lost a friend indeed, and it was some time before I recovered her loss.

"Her daughters came to see me after, and seemed to love to consult with me about their plans—as I had done with her.

"I loved them for her sake.

"And because she had been motherly to me, I tried to help them in the same way.

"It never entered my mind that 'people would talk.'

"I felt so outside of all such gossip.

"And as I rarely ever saw him there, for I seldom went over to their home, although so near, there seemed no ground for gossip.

"There was a pleasant home, and, barring their bereavement, a happy one.

"He was a kind, indulgent father, as he had been a kind, devoted husband.

"People said, however, that he was a man easily led, and whispered of gay companions who had occasionally 'led him off' towards the unsteady paths of dissipation since his widowhood.

"He was not a bad man nor an unprincipled one, they said; weak, perhaps, but easy to guide, either for good or bad. Those sort of characters mould into fine ones under good influence.

"He was an exemplary husband under his good wife's counsel; might he not be so again?

"Well, the end of it all was that I became strongly interested in the man.

"If he was from home late at night, I knew it, for I could see his light from my own window, and my nights were so wakeful I rarely slept until dawn.

"If I heard a rumor of his being 'off with a party,' it troubled me. I felt sorry for the girls, I thought.

"Things went on so for a year or more, and all that time I was growing calmer in my rebellious sorrow over my unhappy fate.

"I occasionally heard some word of the man who had been my husband, but there was no longer a quickening of my heart and hopes at his name.

"It fell upon my ears as coldly as that of a stranger.

"Had he been dead, he could have been no more buried to me.

"Even his memory was lost, for I had forgotten him utterly.

"One day a whisper reached my ears that the widower across the way was going to bring home a mother to his girls.

"I listened quietly, for my lips were dumb with a strange dull pain that reached them from my heart.

"It it the dear girls for whom I felt, I thought.

"Not many weeks after this piece of news, the girls came for me one day to go with them to the woods for autumn leaves.

"I seldom refused them—although I never walked out through the streets with them, or, indeed, anywhere.

"And knowing this, they painted the woods in glowing colors, and coaxed me so prettily that I consented.

"Their father met us on our way home, and joined us, taking our great branches of myrtles and carrying them for us.

"The girls gave him their place beside me, and hurried on ahead.

"I don't know how it was that the talk veered round to their motherlessness and his own loneliness.

"But before we reached home he had asked me to be their mother and his wife.

"He told me that he had first learned to love me for their sakes, but that he had grown at last to love me for my own, and that if I could once more put faith in the word of man, I should find him true and honest and firm in his promise to 'love, honor, and cherish' me.

"His words were a revelation.

"As he spoke the whole world grew brighter.

"The heart in my bosom, that I thought cold and dead, stirred once more with its old tenderness, and I discovered, like him, that it was not alone the girls I held so dear, but the father whom I loved.

"Yes; I do love him, and I am willing to run any risk the world may think I do in marrying a man who they will say 'is not good enough for one who has suffered so much.'

"I have very little to bring him—a faded youth, a blighted name, a sorrowful heart, but I love him, I trust him.

"He offers me a home, and a husband's protecting love and care.

"The girls have come to me and seconded his offer, and beg me to fill their mother's place.

"Shall I refuse?"

What he said, over cigars and wine:—

"Help yourself, Will; I will light a cigar with you, but you will excuse my drinking?

"Yes; I have given up even a harmless glass of wine.

"I have made myself a vow never to touch another drop of wine or liquor as long as I live.

"It is a short story, and as you will probably hear its changes rung in different keys, some of them fearfully high-pitched—and out of tune, too—let me tell my side.

"When Mary died, I thought there never could be another for me who should fill her place.

"I had my three dear girls to make my home comfortable and happy, and after my first sharp grief was over, I settled myself down to make their lives pleasant and cheerful.

"But, you know, my dear fellow, a man of my age cannot find much companionship in the society of three giddy school-girls, and after awhile I grew weary of their childish amusement and girlish chatter.

"Then I went out, round to the club, down town, and off traveling.

"A man cannot find altogether good companionship in such ways, either!

"Nor did I.

"You know I am a social 'easily led' sort of fellow.

"Well, my yielding good-nature occasionally drifted me out of the straight paths into the crooked ones.

"One day I overheard some one remark—

"'What a pity Barnes is going to the dogs!'

"The words gave me a sudden shock, and I halted.

"About that time the girls were 'in love,' as they termed it, 'with the lovely lady in mourning, over the way at Barton's.'

"Her name was Barton, they said, and she was a sister-in-law.

"I asked someone if she was a widow, as she dressed in deep black, and they laughed, and replied—

"'Yes, a clever widow,' and to 'keep off the grass.'

"I met her quite often after, as the girls were always running over there; and I was much struck with her dignified, modest demeanor.

"I was interested in her, too, and asked Barton one day if she was a deceased brother's wife.

"He told me her history then.

"An only petted sister, she had married quite young, and against all their wishes.

"Her husband had proven himself not only an unprincipled rascal, but had ill-treated his wife and deserted her, leaving her destitute in a strange city.

"Her brothers induced her to come home, which she did, only to return to her husband again at his first call, and promise of a better life.

"A second time he proved unworthy of her sacrifice, and then the brothers procured the divorce she should have had in the first instance, and once more brought her back to their protecting care.

"She was welcomed and beloved by them all.

"Mary knew her, and admired her, and I have recollected of late that Mary spoke to me of her once as 'an unhappy, unfortunate woman;' but as I had only seen her once or twice then, I felt no interest in her, and never asked why she should be thus commiserated.

"Well, to make a long story short, since then I have felt so warm an interest in the lady, that I have asked her to be my wife.

"You look astonished. I understand—I have felt a little that way myself sometimes.

"I never believed I could have asked any woman to fill Mary's place!

"But I have found one. I love her very dearly.

"The girls are devoted to her; and I shall marry her next week.

"Oh, yes! I know it will be 'town's talk.'

"A divorced woman always bears the brand, whether she deserves it or not; but I am brave and strong enough to face all the tongues in Christendom; for a nobler, better woman never lived.

"Oh, about the drinking!

"Well, her husband, with all the rest of his sins, was a drunkard, and when I talked with her brothers about marrying their sister, they seemed to think she would run a great risk in marrying another man who occasionally went wild.

"So as that was the only objection to my suit, I made a vow that never through me should she suffer a pang from that cause, and I shall never touch a glass of wine or liquor again!

"Thank you for your kind words. Well, you will come to the wedding?"

What society said, at the mothers' meeting:—

"If you will come and sit over here, by me, at the window, Mrs. Gray, we will probably see the bride arrive.

"They are expected this afternoon.

"Oh, dear, yes!

"Paris, and the Lakes, and all the fashionable wedding-tour routes!

"For my part, I should think she would have have been afraid to travel about so; it might have been unpleasant—to say the least—if she had come across husband number one on her way!

"Why, of course, he's alive.

"A real handsome young fellow, too, they say.

"Of course, I don't want to judge anybody, but if it's all true that I hear, I think she was as much to blame as he.

"Such airs as she gives herself, too!

"A seat right in the middle aisle of the new church!

"Couldn't go to the old one with her brothers' wives—oh, no!

"I should think she would have felt it her duty to devote the rest of her life to her brothers and their children; so kind as they were all to her, too—and Tom with a house full and a delicate wife.

"You don't think so?

"Why shouldn't she sacrifice herself, pray?

"I don't think it at all unselfish in them to want her to remain unmarried and stay with them.

"Poor Mrs. Barnes!

"Little did she think this woman would walk into her shoes when she was trapezing over there—after Barnes then, no doubt!

"Never saw her until after his wife's death?

"I don't believe any such stuff! It was a very nice house, to be sure, to walk into, and hang up her waterproof and lay off her mourning!

"Such a farce as that was too becoming to her fair complexion, you know! A fine house, with cupboards all over—well-filled ones, too!

"My niece Maria was very intimate with Mrs. Barnes and the girls.

"She went with the girls to get all their mourning after their mother's death, and helped them, off and on, ever since to seeing about the servants, house-cleaning, and such, for they were not much of housekeepers.

"But, dear me! after this woman got hold of them the girls dropped Maria.

"And as for Mr. Barnes, he never offered to see Maria home, and he was for ever running over to Barton's.

"One or two people said to me, after Mrs. Barnes' death, that my niece Maria was just the kind of step-mother those girls wanted—such a thorough sort of girl she is; but dear, dear!

"I wouldn't have had Maria marry a drinking man for anything!

"Oh, no, I 'spose you can't say Mr. Barnes is a 'drinker' exactly, and I believe they say he don't touch a drop of anything any more.

"But I should have thought that a divorced woman who had one drunkard would not want another that had ever smelled liquor.

"Oh, I believe the divorce was granted on the grounds of cruelty; but there is always two sides to a story, and we've never heard the husband's!

"There's the carriage!

"Just see those girls hug and kiss her!

"I should think they'd be ashamed, and their mother in her grave not three years yet!

"Dove-colored cashmere and silk!

"What a dress for a second-time bride!

"Looks quite girlish, don't she, in that hat?

"And she's forty, if she's a day.

"Only thirty-one?

"Pshaw!

"Some women have a knack of 'making themselves up' to look young.

"Well, I pity both husbands.

"This one because he's 'taken in,' and the other because we haven't heard his side of the story.

"And as I said before, there's always 'two sides.'

"Why Maria, what's the matter with you?

"You're as pale as a ghost!

"Excuse me, Mrs. Gray.

"I think I'll go home with Maria.

"She doesn't look well.

"She always gets faint when she sits so long.

"Good afternoon."

CHORUS.

"I love you, and I will be a good and faithful wife."

"You have trusted me with your happiness.

"You shall not find me worthless."

"Who would have believed they would be such a happy couple?"

Ayer's Pills possess the positive virtues of some of the best known medicinal plants, prepared and combined with scientific skill—rejecting the crude and drastic portions, and retaining only the active principle—the part which cures and does not harm. If you are sick try them.

The Picture.

BY JOHN FROST.

"KEEP a thing seven years and you'll have a use for it," is a maxim of domestic economy which used to be reverenced by our grandmothers before steam and electro-magnetism came into fashion.

The saying is as true now as ever it was.

My friend, Jerry Godowny, experienced this.

Twenty years ago, when we were at Cambridge together, Jerry was a fine spirited youth, almost at the head of his class, and heir to an independent fortune.

His acknowledged talents, and the ease with which he maintained his rank in the class, enabled him to direct his attention to a variety of sciences and pursuits, which were not required by the college government as part of his regular course of study, and truly he used the liberty thus afforded him without stint or hindrance.

At one time he joined the Hermetic Club and studied chemistry.

Then all his talk, between the puffs of a cigar, was of gases and acids, hydrogen and oxygen.

I never could go into his study without breaking my shins over retorts and crucibles.

On one occasion I was very near saving the president the trouble of signing my diploma, by swallowing a murderous half pint of oxalic acid, which was standing in a drinking goblet on his study table, looking as innocent as cold water.

"Pray tell me, Jerry," I used to say to him, "of what possible advantage can it ever be to you to learn chemistry so thoroughly.

"I think the smattering which most of us are content with here, is quite enough for a gentleman.

"It is of no use to stuff for a professorship, for you see Dr. G. is quite a young man and has no thoughts of resigning."

"Bah," he would say.

"Hang Dr. G.

"I study chemistry because I like it.

"Besides it may be serviceable some time or other.

"'Keep a thing seven years and you may have a use for it,' as my guardian said to me the other day, when I was going to give Bon Skinner my shooting jacket, with the thirteen pockets."

Some time in his junior year he became acquainted with the Greenoughs, and as a necessary consequence to one of his mercurial temper, he was inoculated with the love of art.

He sat for his portrait, gave orders for sundry pictures, and became quite learned in the history and peculiarities of the old masters.

By means of his constant intercourse with the Greenoughs, and by visiting every fine collection of pictures in the neighboring city, he had become, before the end of his senior year, quite a connoisseur.

"Of what use," said his guardian, an old gray headed bank director in Boston, "of what earthly use can this everlasting picture hunting be to you, Jerry?"

"Oh!" replied my friend, "it will come come in play some time or other, I dare say.

"At any rate, it is a source of pleasure now, and the knowledge I acquire will be safely laid up.

"Keep a thing seven years, you know, guardy, and you will have a use for it, as you told me about the shooting jacket."

* * * * * *

Four years after he took his degree, Jerry lost his whole fortune, or at least he appeared to have lost it, by an extensive fire in Boston, which laid in ashes a dozen stores, all situated in the same row.

His agent had neglected to insure the buildings a whole week after the policy had expired, and, during this time the conflagration had taken place.

Fortunately Jerry did not owe a dollar.

After taking a survey of the smoking ruins, and ascertaining that he had not a dollar towards rebuilding his stores, he walked into a friend's counting house, and offered himself for the situation of supercargo in a ship which was to sail the next week for Malaga.

His offer was promptly accepted, and in a few days he had taken leave of his friends and was dashing away before a fine breeze on the broad Atlantic.

Arrived at Malaga, he found the Spaniards "in the midst of a revolution."

The Constitution had just been proclaimed; and turning and overturning was the order of the day.

Fortunately the disordered state of politics did not interfere with the success of his voyage.

All his affairs went on prosperously, and he was already counting upon a few hundred dollars, fairly earned, as the reward of his toils.

One evening when the ship was just ready to sail, there came on board a half-tipsy Spanish sailor, with a picture under his arm, which he offered to sell.

Jerry glanced at it, and by the dim light of his cabin lamp he could only make out that it was a good painting of the Madonna, very well executed with Spanish correctness.

"Where did you obtain this?" said he, to the sailor.

"It came out of the monastery which was broken up and riddled last week," was the reply.

"Then, I suppose, the long and short of the matter is, that you stole it."

"By no means, Senor.

"This picture was taken from the monastery by the proper officers of the state, and sold at auction.

"I bought it for a dollar.

"You may have it for five.

"What say you to the bargain?"

"Done," replied Jerry.

And the sailor took his money and departed, remarking quietly that he was content with his five hundred per cent. profit.

While Jerry's mania for art had lasted, he had learnt how to clean pictures in the most perfect manner.

Indeed, he never did things by halves; and when laughed at by his classmates for the pains taking assiduity with which he applied himself to the acquisition of this accomplishment, he had only replied by quoting the old saw of his guardian, which was now to receive its application.

On his passage home he cleaned the picture, and when this interesting process was completed he became fully convinced that the Madonna must have been painted by some great master.

His next voyage was to London, and the picture remained hung up in his cabin.

Unfortunately the ship was wrecked on the coast of England, and the officers and crew were barely able to save their lives and their lightest valuables, by taking to the boats.

Jerry had learned to love his picture; and when they refused to let him take his portable desk, on account of its bulk and weight, he hastily seized the Madonna, saying—

"Surely you will not object to my taking this."

The sailors laughed at his odd fancy, and permitted him to convey it on board the boat.

How it escaped ruin in such a scene I could never clearly learn; but one thing is certain, viz:—that Jerry, well assured of value, held on to it until he reached London.

A few sovereigns, a letter from his friend, Horatio, to a great London artist, and the picture, constituted the sum total of his personal estate when he reached the metropolis.

"Never mind," said Jerry, when the captain quizzed him about his last incumbrance, "N'importe, keep a thing seven years and you will have a use for it."

The first thing he did after presenting his letter to the artist was to show him the Madonna.

He was enraptured.

It was a real gem of art—an unquestionable Raphael.

Jerry's long kept connoisseurship had not misled him.

The artist, like many other artists that I know, had soul.

So instead of taking advantage of Jerry's penniless condition, to cheapen the picture for himself, he set about making a great breeze among the connoisseurs and artists of the metropolis, with a view of raising some money for him by selling it.

The sensation was prodigious.

All the amateurs with long purses were at the auction.

And when the Madonna, cunningly reserved till the last, was set up the competition was altogether unprecedented.

Ten thousand dollars was the first bid, fifteen thousand the next.

The artists themselves held their breath with amazement, at the eagerness of their titled competitors, by which they were soon distanced.

And at the end of fifteen minutes' hard bidding it was knocked down to a noble duke, at fifty thousand dollars.

"There, now," said Jerry, "I did not make myself a connoisseur for nothing.

"Keep an item of knowledge seven years and you'll have a use for it."

So Jerry's stores were rebuilt.

And he now, when he is tired of looking at the pictures in his fine gallery of the American painters, occasionally amuses himself with botanical rambles and chemical experiments.

Give Them a Chance.

If the thousands and tens of thousands of weak and weary sufferers throughout the land, who, in spite of care and skill, are steadily drifting downwards, could have the relief that subtle and singularly energizing agent which, scientifically compounded, Oxygen is, they and their friends would rejoice, and many would be saved sorrow, pain and death. Reader, you have an invalid wife, mother, or daughter, or sister, or any one who is under your care and dependent upon you, and to whom life has become a burden through weakness and pain, consider seriously whether you do not owe it to both love and duty to give them a chance for recovery, or, at least, the blessing of ease from pain. You are offered the amplest means of information in regard to this new Treatment. If you can obtain testimony with one voice, and an weight evidence with tongue and pen, to prove a truth, you can have it all to see that in Compound Oxygen there is a healing power that is simply wonderful. Let, then, the sick and suffering whom you care for and love, and for whom you have not been able to get relief, have a trial of this new remedy. It can do them no harm, and, seeing what it has done in so many thousands of cases, all the probabilities are in the favor of its doing them good. Send to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for their "Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, actions, and results," and learn all about the remarkable cures which are being made by this new agent. The Treatise will be sent *free*.

A Business Journey.

BY PERCY VERE.

"NOT going away again, Royal?" Mrs. Lexington said, perturbedly.

"Yes, my dear, going away 'again' is that is the way you choose to put my peremptory business trips."

"But you only came back from a business tour last week."

And then Mr. Royal Lexington took his segar from his mouth, and looked contemplatively at the end of it, while he spoke, in his most impressive manner—

"Marion, you seem not to understand that women should not be bothering themselves continually about the why and wherefore of their husbands' movements.

"I [illegible] you, my dear, [illegible] affairs of importance call me from home, I never [illegible] your sum of money to spend, I leave you [illegible] the society of your children, and what more should a woman desire?"

And Marion actually pouted.

"Money isn't everything, and one does once in a while tire of the society of a boy of four and a baby of three."

"My dear, you shock me!"

And the lofty reproof in his tone was something simply wonderful.

"But mayn't I go, this time, Royal?" Mrs. Lexington pleaded, lifting a pair of lovely blue eyes, and gently patting her husband's hand—a very handsome hand too, with a cameo ring on its shapely little finger.

"My dear, no, you can't."

"And how long will you be gone this time, Royal?"

"Impossible to say—not longer than a month, anyhow—however, it will depend upon circumstances."

"And where are you going?" she asked, sighing at his answer.

"To Armitage, now, Marion."

"But where is Armitage, Royal?"

"A beastly little place on the Delaware Road. See here, Marion, don't tease me any more, but go on with your sewing, or your reading, like a good little girl.

"I'm awfully sleepy, and this steamer chair is just the thing for a nap."

And Mr. Lexington adjusted his handsome head comfortably on the pillow of the chair, and betook himself to slumber, while Marion sat solitary and grave, and wrought some marvellously pretty garment for baby Marion.

And the next day she packed his valise according to his orders, and at high noon received his good-bye kiss, and his parting command.

"Be as economical as you can, my dear," he said as he drew on his gloves.

"Times are hard, and the money market grows tighter every day. Especially keep your eye on the grocer's bill, Marion, and see while I'm away if you can't cut it down.

"There might be a saving in desserts, might there not, while I am gone? However, I leave it entirely to your conscience, so good-bye, Marion. Take good care of the youngsters, and enjoy yourself all you possibly can, my dear."

"Yes, Royal, I certainly shall—good-bye."

And she kissed him, and watched him off, and then went straight up to her own room, and sent the nursery-maid post haste to Mrs. Andrews, the dear little old lady who had had all the care of the young Lexingtons the first six weeks of their existence.

"I want you to stay here and take care of Robbie and Marion, and look after the house for a little while—a week, perhaps two, possibly three.

"I have to go away, and Mr. Lexington's [illegible] too. Of course you'll do it, won't you?"

Of course Mrs. Andrews would.

"But what in the world takes you away, my dear child?" she asked, in surprise.

And Marion answered in one word—"Business"—and set to work to pack her trunk.

And in four hours after Mr. Royal Lexington left by train for Armitage, Mrs. Royal Lexington also left by train for the same place.

"For I mean to know for myself just exactly what these business trips are," the little lady declared.

"Only one hotel in Armitage? Then drive me there," she ordered the hackman at the quiet little station.

"Only one, ma'am, and a first-class one, too.

"Several New York ladies and gentlemen stoppin' there fur August—high up, plenty o' pure air, cool nights, no mosketers."

"And a lively place for 'business,'" Mrs. Marion thought, as she was driving up the picturesque side of Halliday's mountain.

But no one—not even Royal Lexington himself, swinging in a hammock on the wide, breezy piazza, saw the quiet smile on her lips as she passed into the hotel—closely veiled in soft gray tissue—a slender graceful little figure that every one noticed with [illegible] as Mr. Lexington concluded.

"Who is she?" he asked Captain Miller, the next day.

"Who? Oh, the little woman in gray silk? Mrs. Kenneth, I believe, and my wife says the sweetest little thing she ever saw."

For Marion had registered as "Mrs. Kenneth," and had taken the best vacant room in the house, and ordered her meals served in her apartment, and only joined the other guests when she was positive the coast was clear.

The ladies at the hotel all fell in love with her, and the gentlemen became interested in her, simply because they never saw her.

"Who is that gentleman in the white flannel suit and brond-brimmed hat?" Mrs. Kenneth asked one morning, as, coming on the piazza, she looked at the party of departing horsemen.

Miss Delrymple, a black-eyed, beautiful girl, laughed lightly.

"Isn't he handsome? He is Mr. Lexington, who is so very devoted to Lila Clifford—not the faintest chance for you or I, Mrs. Kenneth."

"Is he a widower?"

"No—what makes you think so?"

"A bachelor, then?"

"Of course," Miss Delrymple laughed.

"Oh!" Mrs. Kenneth said dryly. "A bachelor. And quite nice-looking, too."

"Why, he's handsome, Mrs. Kenneth—handsome as an Adonis. We are all wild about him—Lila Clifford particularly. And she'll get him, you see if she don't."

"I believe he is very much interested in you, too, Mrs. Kenneth," Miss Delrymple went on gayly.

"It was only this morning he begged me to make an introduction.

"What shall I say to him?"

"Thanks for your kindness, Miss Delrymple, but I came out for absolute freedom from society."

"He'll send you a bouquet, though—he told me he should."

And, as Miss Delrymple had said, so it transpired.

That very evening a servant brought to Mrs. Kenneth's room an exquisite bouquet to which Mr. Royal Lexington's card was attached—a bouquet, every flower of which expressed its sentiment.

And Mrs. Kenneth smiled to herself, and sent back a cluster of daisies, and that was the beginning of a desperate floral flirtation, which, before the week was out culminated in a note full of exaggerated sentiment, harmless enough as far as any actual wrong saying went, but nevertheless ludicrously absurd in the recipient's eyes.

"There must a stop be put to it, for I want to see Rob and Marion again," Mrs. Kenneth decided.

And so she sat down and wrote a delicious little note, in back-hand, saying she would meet Mr. Lexington that evening in the parlor at half-past eight, an hour which found the parlor deserted for the piazza and promenades.

And precisely on time, Mr. Lexington made his appearance, in the duskiness of the room, whose only light came from the swinging lamp in the hall.

At the piano that occupied the duskiest corner sat a slender, white-robed figure, and as Mr. Lexington approached, she arose and bowed.

"I cannot say how grateful and delighted [illegible]

He began, but stopped short, staring at her as though he could not believe the evidence of his senses.

"M—Marion!" he stammered.

"Yes, Royal," [illegible] answered, with perfect composure.

"[illegible] proposed to Mrs [illegible]"

"People say very extraordinary things.

"For instance, Miss Lila Clifford tells me you are a gay young bachelor."

A moment's silence followed, and the look on Royal Lexington's face was simply indescribable.

"See here, Marion!"

"Yes."

"Let's go home."

"Suppose we do—that is, if your 'business' is all transacted.

"We'll take the first train, shall we?"

"But surely you could not leave Miss Clifford with such cruel——"

"Blame Miss Clifford!" and his face grew crimson.

"You've outgeneraled me, Marion, fairly and squarely, and I'll give up.

"The first train in the morning, Marion, for my sake! You can afford to be magnanimous."

And as she felt she could, the boarders at the hotel were not a little electrified to learn, at eight o'clock breakfast, that Mr. Lexington and Mrs. Kenneth had left by the six twenty train—together!

"It's too bad," Lila Clifford declared confidentially to Miss Delrymple, "to used me so shabbily for anything."

But as Captain Miller's brother put in an appearance the next day, and Miss Lila's eyes made direct havoc with his masculine heart, she did not wear the willow very long.

And hereafter, when Mr. Royal Lexington goes on a "business" trip to the country, in summer time, Marion and the tots go too.

CATS AND MONKEYS.—A Baltimorean has a pair of pet cats. By way of variety he put a rat in with them, much to their delight. On taking it out the other day there was a fierce growling on both sides. The rat ceased to cut, and the monkeys sat looking at the scars out of each other's eyes for hours. Finally the cat was put back, and then there was great joy. It liked all the little monkeys, and the big one took turns hugging it until it stuck tongue out.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they failed to reach the worst part. The fluttering and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my life was very sad. I told my children I never should see Spring until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

MRS. JULIA CUSHING.

Our Young Folks.

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY PIPKIN.

THE juvenile population of the inhabitants of Westoyley were having a rare treat in the way of sight-seeing, for a wandering show had come to the quiet little town, with flaunting pictures displaying outside, of the wonderful sights and dooings shut up therein, for those who cared to take a peep into the mysteries, and had money to pay for so doing.

Acrobats performing unheard-of feats, monkeys fighting duels with pistols and swords, and the picture of a small fairy of a May Queen, always dancing, always smiling, always beautiful as artist's brush could paint her, portraying on the panel of the van.

Oh! what must the reality be?

There, high up as if treading on air, was the veritable May Queen herself, a slim, dainty damsel of eight, bedizened with stars, spangles, and I know not what of finery.

The mite's eyes flashed with proud wonder and triumph, as she glanced at her admiring spectators, and danced her stately dance high up above their heads.

And there was a forest scene of artificial foliage and flowers, with what was meant for sunshine glinting away up the glade, and even a hare or two were to be seen there, which nodded and winked but never ran away.

The trees waved, and the flowers shook their little heads, as if the wind stirred them.

No doubt the tiny feet of the May Queen shook the whole fabric, as she tripped and [illegible] on a gilt rope, and poised her wand [illegible]

Then, too, what did duty for sweet music came stealing down the glade, the strains of a violin and a silvery voice singing

"This is the Queen of the May, the May,
Fair and fresh as the sweet spring day."

But the fairest and most beautiful of dreams and visions come to an end, and so did this.

The sunshine faded and vanished from the glade, night stole on, the May Queen retired, the curtain fell; and then in came the acrobats.

But where was the little May Queen?

She had made her way to a dark little cupboard of a nest, at the back of the van, where the beams of a young May moon were shimmering through a slit of a window.

Oh! all was cool and restful out there in the orchard, at the back of the show, for the front thereof facing the street be never so [illegible]

"Oh, Nell, 'tis lovely to be May Queen! and all the young masters and misses were pleased, and your singing was real splendid!" cried the bead-bespangled child, as she threw herself with easy grace on her knees by the side of a pallet bed, where an older girl lay, white as a snowflake in the moonlight.

But tears glittered on her cheeks, and her eyes, very like the little May Queen's, were wistful and sad.

"Oh, Bettie, Bettie!" she sobbed, as the child caressed her, while the wind swept through the orchard with a sigh, as if it too were sorry.

"Oh, Nell, Nell! I wish there were two May Queens wanted, and you could be one, and I the other."

"But you know I can't, and where's the use of wishing?

"And if I were strong and well mine as last year, where'd you be, and what'd you be?"

"I'd be your little sister, same as then," lisped the lesser child.

"I wish they'd cured me in the hospital, or that I'd died," came dolefully from the lowly bed.

"Oh! I don't, and Jem don't," dissented the small May Queen, tossing her crown from her head to the floor.

"Don't what?"

"Don't wish you were not alive."

"Oh! I don't know—I shall never be May Queen, nor anything else again worth playing at."

"Oh! well you can do some things now, you know, you can sing—your singing sounded to-night just like—like—an angel."

"Oh, don't, Bettie! I don't like to hear about angels."

"They lives in the place where dead folks go."

"And they come to live folks too—don't you know—

"'Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care!'

That's kind of comfortable like, and I whisper it to myself of nights, when the van is so hot, and you are cross and won't go to sleep."

"Tisn't cold to-night," sighed the sick girl.

"I'm cold and shivery."

"Well, let me cover ye up nice and warm, and we'll 'tend we are ladies again, and in a nice new bed with curtains.

"And I'll creep in at the side of ye, when I've taken off my pretty clothes, and we've had our supper."

"I don't want any supper to-night"—Nell was very fretful and weary.

"Oh! yes, you do.

"Let's see, there's bread and cheese stored and hem, and the milk—there's the dry bread and cheese.

But no such sham could tempt or deceive Nell's appetite to-night, so Bettie ate her supper alone, and then crept to her sister's side, to warm the poor sickly girl with the heat and glow throbbing in her own healthy frame.

Anon, sleep overtook them, and they revelled in the land of dreams.

Nell was the little matured May Queen of a year ago.

She had had an ugly fall, and the hospital set right the injuries in her back, so far as it could be done, and gave her into Jem's keeping, to be nursed, tended, and lured by sweet country air and sunshine to health and strength again.

The van was a poor place for such treatment, and Jem, the master of the concern, was not her father, nor anything to her, save him she served and clung to, because he had once lived in their court, in London, and had promised their dying mother to take the two children, Nell and Bettie, under his wing.

And so he did, he sheltered them in his van, Nell to perform on the tight rope and on stilts, to sing, and so on, for the amusement of the public, from whom he picked up a living.

And the two little waifs were not unhappy in their way, until the time of Nell's fall.

Nell was not jealous of Bettie—jealous of blue-eyed, golden-haired Bettie, who was her life and joy?

No.

Still, she pined in the solitude of her comfortless nest, and wished with childish fretfulness, that Bettie would not be so glad and happy in being just what she was [illegible]

Then the nimble little May Queen dressed her, and led her out into the orchard for an airing.

A few steps she limped, and then sat down among the speedwells on the bank, and clapped her hands, feeling that it was good even to live a lame life, "and make the tour of the provinces," in Jem's van, to enjoy such freshness as this.

"Bo-peep!" cried a merry voice, and there behind them stood small Miss Nina Maitland, the doctor's daughter, who lived in the white house just on the other side of the orchard, peering through the hedge.

"Bo-peep!" returned Bettie, who was not [illegible] with shyness.

Miss Nina sprang to their side.

"Are you the May Queen?" she asked of Bettie.

"Yes.

"Leastways, I was last night," returned she with proud satisfaction.

"Is she ill?" was the next question, pity in the little lady's brown eyes as they regarded Nell.

"Yes, she was acting May Queen, and had a fall, a year ago," replied the little sister, tenderly stroking Nell's fluffy, fair hair.

"Oh!"

Miss Nina looked away at the rosy fruit trees.

"Did you see me last night?" questioned Bettie's nimble tongue.

"Yes, and so did papa—my papa is a doctor," an eager thought flashed into the child's eyes as she spoke.

But Bettie asked

"Did you like it?"

Nina nodded.

"Yes, I sang to me, you know—wasn't it splendid, the way she did it?"

Kind little Bettie wanted Nell to have a share in what was making her so glad and proud.

"It was like a fairy tale," said Nina, and Bettie clapped her hands.

"Little lady, is your father very clever?" asked poor, weary-eyed Nell, speaking for the first time.

"Of course he is," returned his little daughter.

"Could he cure me?"

Nell spoke low, her little pale face flushing.

"I don't know, but I'll ask him," said Nina.

At this point Miss Nina darted away, for her nurse was calling her, and the little sisters toiled back to the van again—Nell to hope and wait, for she knew not what, while Bettie went to rehearsal.

The little maidens were just finishing their comfortless tea together, when who should Jem usher in, at a moment when they really forgot that they expected any one, but a tall, dark gentleman, with eyes very like the doctor's daughter.

"These are the little gals, sir; the one lying down is the sick one."

Thus Jem introduced them, and vanished.

"Well, little ladies, guess whom I am, and why I am come," said their visitor, patting Bettie on the head, and smiling down at Nell.

"You are the doctor's daughter's papa, and you're come to cure Nell," spoke Bettie, thinking some one ought to take the lead.

"Partly right, little Miss May Queen, for I certainly am come to see what your sister Nell's hurt is like," replied the doctor.

"Oh, sir, my hurt is gone.

"I'm only a cripple," panted Nell in her fright, as he knelt down and began to feel her poor little bones.

It was soon over, and the doctor sighed.

"Can't you do it sir?" asked Bettie, who stood looking on.

"No.

"I must call in another doctor.

"He'll take two doctors to cure me hurt back."

Bettie's blue eyes were round with wonder, as she looked at the kind doctor.

"I shall let little Nina, my daughter, cure her."

Both children smiled at each other wonderingly.

"You see, Miss Nell, a patient, for her to [illegible]" said Dr. Maitland, stroking Nell, "while Bettie goes the round of the country, playing May Queen."

"I can't leave Nell," Bettie stoutly said.

"Not to come back and find her well?" asked the doctor.

"But Jem?" questioned the small May Queen, while Nell's eyes were filling with tears.

"I've set all right with Jem, my dears.

"Nell shall stay with a nice old woman in the village, and grow strong and well.

"And then you'll come back to her—never fear, dear child, you shall come back," added the good man, for Bettie was sobbing on Nell's bosom.

"Yes," cried the excited child, "and I'll say

"'Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care'

She laughed a little tearful laugh, and then Jem came for Bettie to dress. Thus it was settled.

One year, and then the van was once more in the Blue Boar orchard, among the apple-blossoms, and Bettie, the May Queen, the acrobats, and the monkeys making the juveniles glad again.

But, best of all, Nell was strong and well, and would never again be May Queen, or anything else in the old van, but was to be Miss Nina's maid.

And Bettie?

She was to live at Widow Brown's, and go to school for a year or two.

Then she, perhaps, would be Miss Nina's maid, and Nell would be old enough to go into some other family.

Miss Nina never had another patient, but she never tires of loving her dear Nell and Bettie, who have learned of her and good Widow Brown of the Love that brooded ever them in the orchard that glad May-time.

MISTAKES.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

AT the commencement of my present little story, it appears necessary I should inform my readers that I am of a singularly sensitive, susceptible disposition—I have been so from my cradle.

My whole life has been one of perpetual falling quickly in love, and as quickly falling out of it.

Another virtue of mine is, that whenever I receive an invite out to dine, I always give an answer directly.

Therefore, when on the 3d of last December I opened a pink note, that is a note on pink paper, perfumed, from Mrs. Croole, requesting the honor—or the favor, I forget which—of a little party at her house on the 5th, I cast my eagle eye around, and finding I had no engagement for that night, I instantly dropped her a line, saying that I should be most happy.

I went.

I always do what I promise—another virtue.

I went; and I wish I hadn't gone.

I went in my usual quiet, neat style, different, very different, thank heaven! from one I have now in my eye, whose very dress-coat, and choker, and boots were unusually loud, to my nothing of his manner.

I saw how it would be before I had been at Mrs. Croole's a quarter of an hour.

I knew I should retire to my bed deeply, madly in love as usual, but as yet I had no idea as to who was to be the object of my adoration.

And such a throng of bright, happy eyes and cheeks and [illegible] and beautiful dresses, I was like a thoughtful bluebottle newly arrived at a butcher's shop—I did not know upon what or upon whom to fix.

But when I had concluded that long polka with her, during which we talked—[illegible] and Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh," I was determined to marry Miss Chapman, and to love her to my dying day.

In a moment I had forgotten that my own income did not exceed a paltry one thousand a year, and—believe me—that she is worth ten thousand dollars per annum.

I thought of nothing, indeed, but love and—strange mixture you will say, oh, man of the world!—marriage.

The polka ended, I of course clung to her all I could, and I flattered myself she clung to me.

When it was announced that a waltz was next, and [illegible] I [illegible] and [illegible] The Doctor [illegible] Alfred Dewer, Esq., a [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] there was a [illegible] I determined to waltz.

And I did waltz with her, and I informed her how closely allied I and the waltz music were, [illegible] I were [illegible]

But I soon received convincing, yet unpleasant proof of the excellence of my [illegible]

I was told that the flowers I had chosen from a score of flowers could be admired by other eyes than mine.

I had hardly had time to feel myself in love with Miss Chapman, before I discovered that Fane was in love with her too.

I had no sooner taken my eyes off Fane than Willis had his eyes set on her, like a man that was sea-sick gazing on the boatswain.

Well, I am not a coward.

I was inclined neither to despair nor faint.

If I had some slight desire to thrash them both for their audacity, that was a little weakness with which I am sure gentlemen will not find fault, and at which I hope ladies will wink.

Yet I neither fainted, nor fought, nor despaired, but preserved that quiet, neat style, which I believe I mentioned before, and which is natural to me.

Yet I was not comfortable.

I cared little or nothing about Willis, the sea-sick gentleman, but Fane occasioned me some uneasiness.

Not but that he was infinitely inferior to myself, but, as I just remarked, women cannot distinguish.

But I will generously confess here, that Fane had not a bald head, and I think he would not ill-treat his wife.

Willis was a fat, white, sleepy fellow, like a broken soul, not at all likely to make a good impression.

Fane was much inclined to be ultra in fashion, a loud, impudent fellow, and pretty good-looking.

That subtle cloak of his especially—but no, no; sit still, my soul.

Fane danced with her, and so did Willis.

Upon the former I cast a glance occasionally, in my pronounced manner.

The latter I scarcely deigned to regard at all.

I saw that Miss Chapman smiled when he spoke, and chatted agreeably with him; but that is attributed to the good nature of a sylph pestered by a bore.

Although she appeared indifferent to Fane, I thought there might be some assumption of indifference there, for I fear him.

Results have proved the correctness of my judgment.

With every moment the pangs of love increased, and yet with every kind glance I received from her eye — and such glances were many — my hope grew stronger.

For the whole of that night I was in dream-land — dreaming of marrying her, with Fane looking helplessly and distractedly on, while Willis went to drown himself.

I think about half a dozen of us had secured our hats, and over-coats, and what not, and were just descending the staircase.

I was on the landing, Miss Chapman was near me, and Fane was not far off, while Willis was half-way down — when suddenly the lamp went out, and left us in the dark.

In an instant a tumultuous throng of images flitted across my brain—Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Heloise, Faint Heart never won Fair Lady.

Here goes.

And with my usual quickness of thought, I turned to the spot where she was standing when I last saw her, and seized the fair object in my arms.

Immediately its arms were thrown around my neck.

"Dearest!" I passionately whispered.

And it was answered—

"Angel!"

I had not expected quite so much as this, and I was [illegible] delighted.

I hugged [illegible] and [illegible] and was just pressing my [illegible] when [illegible] a great smoker, lit a match and the lamp [illegible] showed me that I was embracing Fane, and showed Fane that he was embracing me.

It was she we [illegible] at the foot of the stairs. We [illegible] of Miss Chapman's pretty hand making love while she was smiling and blushing, apparently well pleased.

But this was not the end.

She cared nothing about Willis; that was all a joke; and she is now going to marry Fane.

BURGLAR ALARM. — Drive a headless nail into the casing over any door, and after closing the door hang a tin pail on the nail when you go to bed. That is to say, do all this if you are naturally timid, and want a cheap burglar alarm, that will work every time. A clothes pin put through the handle of a key will strike against the door knob, and make it impossible to turn the [illegible] A [illegible] can [illegible] by slipping a knife up between the sash and turning the window [illegible] other way.

HOLD faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no friends not equal to yourself. When you have faults do not [illegible] them.

WINSTON, FORSYTH CO., N. C.

GENTS—I desire to express to you my [illegible] thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was [illegible] with [illegible] for years [illegible] to obtain relief from [illegible] Your Hop Bitters [illegible] Mrs. Cora [illegible] I am proud of the fact. Many [illegible] of this [illegible] and may whose [illegible] to call [illegible] the great virtues of your bitters.

Very respectfully,

REV. H. FERRIBEE.

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

BY G. D.

I leisurely stroll thro' the gay garden-bowers
Entwined with their sweet and luxuriant bloom,
And cull for my darling a cluster of flowers
To whisper a tale in their subtle perfume.

I gather the ones that my secret will utter—
The one that will breathe it most fondly and well;
And, oh, could I know what emotion will flutter
Her heart, as these flowers their message will tell!

A lily, fair type of her soul's snowy whiteness,
Its pure petals gleaming with shimmering dew,
I place by a rose, whose sweet delicate brightness
Can scarcely compete with her cheeks softened hue.

Fair pinks that will tell of my heart's "pure affection;"
Their fingers entangled with gems of the morn,
Bend lovingly over my fondest selection—
Sweet pansies, whose petals my cluster adorn.

As over these flowers her soft eyes are bending—
Dear eyes! that outrival you, pansies, in hue—
May *pensees* of me and of love then be blending
Deep down in her heart while she gazes at you.

I gather a spray from the feathery cedar,
I place in my cluster of eloquent bloom:
'Twill tendering breathe to the beautiful reader,
"I live but for thee!" in its spicy perfume.

I cull a green spray of the odorous myrtle,
Then bend, in sweet transport, my blossom above;
And, gathering blue violets, fondly I girdle
My tenderest thoughts with a circlet of love.

And now, lovely flowers, be true to your mission—
Go, tell her my love, and my suit sweetly plead.
Oh, bid her not scoff at my humble petition,
But give to my passion her tenderest heed.

ARTFUL TRICKS.

IT is surprising to note what a charm small frauds have for people not usually included in the criminal classes; and nowhere is this exemplified to a greater extent than in the passion for petty smuggling which seems inherent in the breast of traveling humanity.

Men who would scorn to make an imperfectly obliterated postage-stamp do duty a second time, and whose integrity in all other affairs of life is impeachable, will plot and plan all sorts of cunning devices by which they may cheat the custom-house.

Marvelous are the tricks which have been resorted to in this connection. Stuffed animals in glass cases have exhibited, on dissection by inquisitive tide-waiters, a beautiful adaptation of the taxidermist's art to the tobacco-merchant's interests; weazened black-and-tan terriers have been enveloped with yards of rich, delicate lace, wound round their bodies, and provided with an outer shaggy skin, have, in the guise of fat poodles, been carried ashore in the arms of their affectionate owners.

Ladies' chignons and Spanish onions have formed receptacles for gold watches and precious stones.

A list of all the things which have been "hollowed out" with intent to deceive, would make a long catalogue.

We often meet with baser metals colored or plated to counterfeit gold; but for the purpose of evading import duty, solid gold vases and other ornaments have been bronzed over and packed carelessly amongst straw in rough crates, like iron pots and kettles.

Occasionally, through some mishap, these bronze articles appear to have gone astray, masquerading through society in their humble character for a considerable time before their real value was discovered, and meeting with many curious adventures.

A similar method of concealment was practiced with regard to gold plate in olden times, when the sacking of monasteries, and high-handed confiscation of wealth in all quarters, were in vogue.

Tobacco, unmanufactured or in the shape of cigars, and spirituous perfumes are more frequently brought to light from strange hiding-places by the excise searchers than any other forbidden fruit; and the would-be smuggler must have all his wits about him now-a-days to effect his object.

False-bottomed boxes are quite out of date; though a cage of innocent-looking pigeons from Antwerp proved on examination the other day to be thickly carpeted with cakes of tobacco, over which a quantity of gravel and corn, appropriate to the feathered occupants, had been strewn.

Some of the expedients which professional thieves adopt compel something very nearly akin to admiration. A gentleman with a well-filled pocket-book is marked and followed. Very likely he has himself bespoken the attention of the light-fingered gentry to the fact of his possession by the nervous care with which his hand protects it as he hurries along. He stops to look into a store-window; a persistent fly—attached to a loop of silk—seems to tickle his ear; he raises his hand once or twice to brush it away, and watch and pocket-book are gone. "Stop thief!" he shrieks. So does that quiet young man who happened to be gazing into the same store, giving energetic chase to some wholly unconscious individual a quarter of a mile off—very likely holding him until the bereft one arrives, "to see if he can identify him," and perhaps getting a small reward for his trouble!

Should he be collared on suspicion by some ruthless policeman who chances to have enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance previously, he stands in but little danger, unless some bystander has actually seen him do the deed, for no trace of the property is found upon him.

What has become of it, then?

It was dropped, three seconds after its abstraction, into the umbrella of a guileless-looking individual with the aspect and attire of a country parson, up in town for a week's sight-seeing and roaming in an unaccustomed manner through the crowded streets.

But thieves, when pursued, have before now escaped with their booty upon them by the cool adroitness with which they themselves joined in the chase.

Grains of Gold.

Goodness is the only happiness.

That you may be beloved, be amiable.

Have no friend you dare not bring home.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

One man's fault should be another man's lesson.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow.

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives.

If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

It is wisdom to think, and folly to sit without thinking.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.

Nothing from man's hand, nor law, nor constitution, can be final. Truth alone is final.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unmanliness to another for having changed his opinion.

A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.

The chief use of education is to multiply motives for action—for, to have many faculties is to have many impulses.

Some spend a lifetime in picking flaws everywhere, but would give a world for a remnant of it when it is all frittered away.

Wherever we find a man or woman with capacity, enthusiasm, and energetic industry, there we find a valuable character, and may expect valuable results.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil.

There is nothing nobler in man than courage, and the only way to be courageous is to be clean-handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face our record.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a paternal Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better too.

If you do a kind or neighborly act, do it because you feel that it is both a pleasure and a duty, and don't spoil that act by telling everyone you meet what a philanthropic creature you are.

Let a man have a fervent love for what is pure, just and honorable, let him have a cordial abhorrence of what is sensual, mean, tricky, and ungenerous, and he will not go far from wrong.

Our nature is an instrument of many chords. To keep it in order we must play upon all its strings. Not only so, we must change its activities. Relaxation must counterbalance tension.

The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air.

The large majority of people, and especially the young, need the continual encouragement of human sympathy, expressed in terms of pleasure and satisfaction, in order to keep their energies alive and to stimulate them to renewed effort.

As in walking it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry, and strain your leg, so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind, or offend your judgment.

Persevere in whatever calling you adopt. Your progress may be slow, and your results seemingly meagre, but that is no reason for growing faint-hearted. Remember how the little brook persistently winds its way to the river, and the river to the ocean: both reach their destination.

Femininities.

Why are blushes like girls? Because they become women.

Queen Victoria is reported to be a firm believer in Spiritualism.

A New York woman went around the dog show and kissed all the pups.

Beauty in a woman is like the flowers in spring; but virtue is like the stars in heaven.

Miss Helen Barry, the actress, is the tallest woman on the American stage. She is six feet one.

To be a good swimmer the mouth should always be kept shut. Women are seldom good swimmers.

Eight New Bedford, Mass., girls fainted during the recent high school commencement exercises.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

As soon as a woman begins to dress "loud," her manners and conversation partake of the same character.

A pretty young lady has opened a dentist office in an Illinois town, and all the young men there now have the toothache.

Not every woman can dress well with the most reckless expenditure; but a clever woman can dress well with intelligence, economy, and artistic taste.

A sensible Wisconsin girl has broken her engagement because her jealous lover tried to drown her as they were strolling by a mill-pond one lovely moonlight night.

The newspapers often print the "last words" of men, but never those of women. The latter would take up too much room, and crowd out all the advertisements.

Aristocratic ma, chatting with aristocratic visitor, is interrupted by two little daughters running in: "Oh, ma, we've just seen Uncle Jim! He's on a wagon hollerin' coal!"

A Utica, N. Y., woman goes out at night, kicks open the doors where her husband may happen to be, and brings him home, accompanying herself with appropriate remarks.

There is objection to young women as attendants in the retail shoe shops at New York. They are fond of kissing the children whom they fit with shoes. Fastidious mothers object.

A mother, not long since, was lamenting the loss of a child (one of a family of eight). "Because," she said, "there was just enough for a cotillion, and they did dance so prettily."

The Indiana Supreme Court has decided that a married woman cannot enter into copartnership with her husband or any other person for the purpose of carrying on a business partnership.

The most disappointed person we have seen during the present century was the young lady who took sixteen pieces of music to a friend's house, and who was not asked to sing during the whole evening.

A blundering compositor, in setting up a toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."

Russian men are, as a rule, handsomer than Russian women. The Russian woman has loud ways, and a loud, unpleasant voice. She almost invariably smokes. Russia is the terrestrial paradise of the demi-monde.

The widows of India having been prevented by the tyrannous English from cremating themselves along with their dead lords, have taken to second marriages. They are determined to sacrifice themselves somehow.

It is now the season when the young man buys a city map, marks on it with a blue pencil the places in the locality of his girl's residence where ice cream and soda water are sold, and carefully studies it to avoid them in his moonlight ramblings with her.

At a fashionable wedding in New York the other day the ceremony was performed under a floral umbrella. This was probably a little suggestion of the bride's mother, who wanted the groom to understand by the emblem that he ought to put up something for a rainy day.

Mothers and teachers do not take much pains to train their children and pupils into good habits of enunciation. They are carefully taught to sing, but they are not taught to read and speak; yet more than half the charm of all social intercourse depends upon the agreeable use of the voice.

A week's record of marriages in Chicago shows that of 223 brides, 125 were between twenty and twenty-five years of age, and sixty were twenty or under. Among the grooms eighty-four were under twenty-five, and thirty-eight between twenty-five and thirty. The average age of the men was twenty-eight years, and of the women twenty-four.

A self-acting sofa, just large enough for two, has been invented. If properly wound up, it will begin to ring a warning bell just before ten o'clock. At one minute after ten it splits apart, and while one-half carries the daughter of the house upstairs, the other half kicks the young man out of the door. They will come high, but people must have them.

To keep an appointment to be married, George Warrell, of Rapids City, Minn., swam the flood-swollen Spring Creek with a rope around his body, and, with the help of men on the bank, drew his clothes and two saddles (one for the lady) over on a raft. The horses were then towed over with the rope. The procession formed again and moved on to the bride's residence.

The world moves. Not more than sixty years ago, Hannah Adams went into the Boston Athenæum to consult certain authors. Boston's sense of decorum was greatly shocked, and declared that the woman who went into a public library subjected herself to needless insult, and was a long way from the proper sphere of the other sex. Two generations have changed all that, and now more women than men frequent that literary resort.

News Notes.

They swarm bees with a tin pan in Lynchburg, Va., streets.

There are 150,000 thieves in London known to the police.

Connecticut was the first State in the Union to coin money.

Pineapples weighing twelve pounds are grown in Sanford, Fla.

The wealth proper of Great Britain is estimated at $48,948,000,000.

An entire suit of bedroom furniture made of glass is the freak of a Spanish grandee.

The United States has 114,000 miles of completed railroad, and Europe 110,000 miles.

A man in Wyoming Territory fell from an elevation of two feet and dislocated his neck.

General J. H. Devereux, of Cleveland, receives $65,000 a year in salaries from different railroads.

Cats are the fashionable animals at present, and cat-head and cat-paw ornaments are in high favor.

Three children have died in Brazil, Ind., within the past two years from drinking concentrated lye.

An eccentric fancy is to cut the ends of all ribbon bows, strings or sashes into long forks or notches.

There are more than 800,000 people in Ireland who speak Irish, and 100,000 who can speak no other language.

Musicians are not so badly off after all; a band is to receive $30,000 for a two months' engagement at Long Beach this summer.

A young lad at Bamberg, Germany, has been punished with a fine and costs for playing the piano at night at the open window.

Crushed-strawberry-colored village carts are seen at Newport, and some are drawn by donkeys whose ears are bound with ribbons.

John W. Mackey, the bonanza king, has paid $300,000 for a collection of paintings and bought a ducal mansion in Belgravia, London.

A grand piano was sold for three dollars at a recent Paris sale. It was bought by an artist to use the mahogany wood to paint pictures on.

Men quarrying flint in a wood near Elkton, Md., have, for some time past, been disturbed by showers of stones coming, apparently, from the sky.

Lord Dufferin, who started in life a poor man, without a title, has now more titles to follow his name than any other member of the British peerage.

In the delinquent tax list of Union Parish, Louisiana, published by a Farmerville paper, every delinquent is assessed with from one to five dogs.

In London some of the street cars have been lighted with gas, the holder, placed under the seats, being charged at the end of every trip during the night.

The area of Russia in Europe is nearly thirty times that of the State of New York, and the Russian army has to defend an empire of 8,000,000 square miles.

One year ago there were not over two hundred people in Dickey county, Dakota. Now the population is between four and five thousand, and is rapidly increasing.

What an unhappy woman must the wife of Lord Beaconsfield have been! Her lordly spouse used to address her as "My dear Mary Anu," when they were dining out.

In ten years the wheat acreage of the United States has nearly doubled, 19,000,000 acres being the number reported at the beginning, and 36,000,000 at the end of the decade.

The contents of a bottle filled with what Mr. Pulicosier, of New York, called "elegant liquor," which he used to flavor some beer he drank, turned out to be a mixture of aconite and chloroform. It proved fatal in a few hours.

Baron Rothschild's carriage at Vienna is lighted by electric light. The apparatus is beneath the coachman's seat, and the light, which will burn about one hundred hours, within ordinary carriage lamps.

A piano firm in Berlin has bought the oaken piles which have just been taken out of the Rhine at Mayence, and which are said to be the original timbers of the bridge which Julius Cæsar constructed.

Rather than turn the mangle for the family washing, Arthur Williams, aged eighteen years, of Staffordshire, England, climbed an eight-foot fence and leaped down a disused cesspit over one hundred feet deep.

A Providence man slapped a stranger's face for staring at his wife in a street car, and he was beginning to feel himself a hero, when the car stopped and a little girl helped the impudent fellow off. He was stone blind.

The army annual statistics for 1882 are not encouraging. There were 5,319 courts-martial, and 131,434 minor punishments inflicted by commanding officers. This is an average of an offense and a half for every officer and man.

Fifty stalwart men stood on the bank of the river at Saginaw, Mich., looking at a boy who was upset from a boat, and doing nothing to aid him. Lillie Pomeroy, a fourteen-year-old girl, came along, and without hesitation jumped into the water and rescued the boy.

A Careless Diet, a Change of Water, or a Cold settling in the Bowels, very often brings on at this season of the year an obstinate Diarrhœa, or some serious Affection of the Stomach or Bowels, imperilling the life of the patient. If you would treat such complaints in a rational way, try at once Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a simple, but safe remedy in such attacks, and equally effectual in all cases of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint.

AN ERROR OR TWO.

HORACE GREELEY'S ire being raised at the refusal of the Japanese to enlarge their commercial relations, he editorially declared that "the only effective arguments with barbarians are those uttered by the mouths of forty-pound Paixhans." He tore round the next morning when he read in the *Tribune* that the only arguments "are those uttered by the mouths of forty proud Parisians." A certain London newspaper undertook to call Mr. Bright the "Gamaliel of Birmingham;" but between the compositor and the proof-reader it was printed "the gamebird of Birmingham." Profanity never came in deeper volumes than from a night editor who had an important cablegram about the San Stefano Treaty, on which he put a flaming head, "Ultimatum of the Czar," and found it translated into "Ultimatum of J. Cæsar!" Some years ago the English reading public were profoundly impressed by an essay by Carlyle on the "Liturgy of the "Dead Sea Apes." All newspapers had something to say about the novel title, but were rather taken aback when it was made known that the great writer intended to say "Apples" instead of "Apes." A recently published gazetteer has an erratum, "For Dutchman read Dr. Adams." A Portsmouth newspaper spoke of the "Alum Water" of several learned men. In the next issue they thought "Alma Mater" would read better. A cynical old man, editor of the *Jacksonville Press*, with malicious satisfaction printed that well-known parody, "The Charge of the Dress Brigade." Charged to the account of typographical errors are many that come from the deliberate indulgence of the compositor's love of fun. In an instance, the *New York Leader* republished a poem from the *Atlantic*. In the former these two lines:—

"Well, well, I think not on those two,
But the old woman breaks out anew."

appeared thus wonderfully changed:—

"Well, well, I think not on those two,
But the old woman breaks out anew."

It may comfort some of our readers, troubled with an excess of modesty, to know that great men have been diffident in company and have broken down in attempting to speak.

The eloquent Robert Hall made an utter failure the first time he attempted to speak. The great Pitt was exceedingly shy in his private intercourse with men; Lord Camden was on terms of the greatest intimacy with him, and one day remarked, as Pitt was at his house, "My children have heard so much about you that they are very anxious to have a glimpse of the great man. They are now at dinner. Will you oblige me by going in with me a moment?"

"Oh, pray don't!" said the orator, in great alarm. "What on earth would I say to them?"

"Give them the pleasure of seeing you at least," said his lordship, laughing, as he half led, half pushed him into the room.

The Prime Minister of England approached the little group. There he stood, looking alternately at the father and at the children, and twirling his hat for a few minutes, without being able to utter a sentence.

When Webster was a school-boy, he tells us, "Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse it over and over again in my room, but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it."

Cowper's friends purchased him a place as clerk of the House of Lords, where his duties only required him to stand up and read parliamentary documents.

The thought of standing up before such an audience was so terrible to him that as the time drew on, he was in agony of apprehension and tried to hang himself.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" wrote a country editor's correspondent. "I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death."

Just as innocently did the negro propose "De Gubernor of our State! He come in wid much opposition; he go out wid none at all." And the King of Portugal greeting Landseer with "Ah, Sir Edwin, I am glad you have come! I am so fond of beasts!"

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Humorous.

Can't be beet—Turnips.

A journalistic club—The lead-pencil.

A time honored court-room—The front parlor.

All worn out by this time—The close of the war.

The world is progressing. Lawyers even can now go fishing and say they caught nothing.

The slang phrase "a dead sure thing" has been superseded by the elegant expression, "A deceased surety."

Good News for Dyspeptics.

Dr. Engelman in order to convince the skeptical of the merits of his great Dyspepsia remedy, makes a special offer, to which we call the attention of our readers. There are very few persons who do not suffer more or less from dyspeptic troubles, and we believe that his Powders are the very best for their alleviation and cure, ever offered to the public. They contain in themselves all the qualities of a good medicine, being easy to take, mild in operation, cheap in price, and what is of most importance, thorough in effect. THE POST can commend Dr. Engelman and his specific. Some of the most prominent personages in the country are among those who have been benefitted by his Dyspepsia Powders, and we believe they are all he claims for them.

Notice.

BEATTY'S BEETOVEN ORGANS.

A $150 Organ for $125. This special offer is made to our readers only, and should be taken advantage of without delay. The well-known reputation of Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, is a sufficient guarantee of the reliability of the instruments advertised in another column.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

As all of our readers on visiting New York will desire to visit the Brooklyn Bridge, the most direct route is as follows: Arriving at the Grand Central Depot, travel stairs, walk across the street to the Grand Union Hotel, wash up, obtain a good meal or lunch, then take the elevated train at the door, which in fifteen minutes will deposit you at the bridge entrance at the City Hall. If you walk over, thirty minutes will be consumed each way. Taking the uptown train at City Hall on arriving at the Grand Union you will have consumed one hour and thirty minutes in transit and sight-seeing. As a precaution, however, we advise our readers on first arrival to register, as the 420 rooms at this house are engaged early in the day; also hand your baggage checks to Hotel Clerk, who will have it transferred to and from Grand Central Depot free. Remember that the Grand Union is the only strictly first-class Hotel in the metropolis from whence direct and speedy communication is made to the Brooklyn Bridge; also that its accommodations are better and its charges more reasonable than any of its competitors.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Are the Louisiana Lottery Drawings Fair?

The two commissioners who superintend their single-number drawings, when interviewed on the subject, reluctantly admitted that the numbers which were placed in the tubes and put in the wheel were only counted TWICE A YEAR. They draw the lottery every month. Is not this a barefaced fraud? Their excuse is that it would take ten days labor, with four assistants. How, then, can any ticket-buyer in this lottery know that the number on his ticket has a corresponding number in the wheel? If they desire an honest drawing, why do they not, on the day of, and just before their drawings, allow the ticket-holder the privilege of calling out his number and see that it is placed in the wheel so he then can have some chance of its being drawn out with a prize from the other wheel? Other lotteries have done so. Under their system, why don't they make their capital $3,000,000? They might as well. Is not the published list of winners in their lottery also a fraud? It is very easy for a few dollars to get persons who are willing to let them use their names as the holders of a big prize. Is it any longer a wonder how they controlled the Louisiana Constitutional Convention, courts and legislatures and a former postoffice administration? Under this system of drawings, it will be no trouble to make money enough to control and run our very government.—*From the Philadelphia Record, June 6th, 1881.*

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

CUPID'S CHARM COMPLEXION POWDER

IS JUST SPLENDID.

Sample box sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents, together with a treatise on the Art of Beautifying the Complexion.

W. B. TODD, 111 N. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

30 Powders
10 Days
Treatment

Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders
A Positive Cure
Price $1.00

SPECIAL!

To the Readers of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."

In reply to the hundreds of inquiries regarding this Treatment for Dyspepsia, I use this method in order to reach every reader, and save considerable labor in correspondence by mail.

First—My Dyspepsia Powders do not contain Pepsin or Bismuth.
Second—They are prepared expressly for Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
Third—They are perfectly harmless, and no ill-effects can come from their use.
Fourth—They are not to be taken dry on the tongue.
Fifth—They are to be dissolved in a wine-glass of water.
Sixth—The Powders contain 3½ grains each.
Seventh—They can be taken as often as necessary.
Eighth—They act upon the Food only.
Ninth—They will keep in any climate.
Tenth—Dyspepsia must not be trifled with.
Eleventh—I am positive my Powders will cure Dyspepsia.
Twelfth—I cannot send my Treatment on trial, as it is very expensive.

The above answers indicate that those who make the inquiries have either been grossly deceived or greatly disappointed in the many advertised Remedies for Dyspepsia. Consequently I am urged to make a sacrifice in order to show you my confidence in this Treatment,—as follows: I will mail, postage prepaid, **One Thousand Packages** (regular size—containing "10 Days' Treatment") to **One Thousand Dyspeptics** on receipt of **33 Cents** in postage stamps. This sacrifice is made to encourage Dyspeptics to adopt this Treatment, and commend it to their friends. NOTE.—Druggists are requested not to write for this **SPECIAL OFFER**, as the number of Packages is limited, and intended for Dyspeptics only. Each package will be marked, and all orders in excess of the limited number will be returned to the writer.

By request, I append the following extracts from letters received:

Mr. John A. Caldwell, No. 25 Sharp Street, Baltimore, says: I am a new man.

Mr. A. H. Stoner, of Harrisburg, Pa., says: The trouble is no longer the want of sleep, but the want of time to sleep, and no more confused, but pleasant, dreams.

Your Powders have cured me after trying many other remedies. ROBERT D. MILLER,
Harrisburg, Pa.

I commend your Treatment.
GEO. F. RATHBON, 25 E. King St., Lancaster, Pa.

It is a pleasure for me to commend your Treatment.
JAMES S. STACKHOUSE,
Ticket Receiver Pennsylvania R. R. Co.,
Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Indeed, I felt immediate relief from the Powders, and cheerfully recommend their use to any person suffering as I did. They gave early relief, and, in my case, a permanent cure.
From Major Joseph Anthony, General Superintendent Summit Branch R. R. Co., Lykens Valley Coal Co., Mineral R. R. and Mining Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Your Powders cured my wife of Indigestion.
J. R. JONES, M. C. R. R. CO.,
Williamsport, Pa.

Could get no relief from physicians or Pepsin. The action of your Powders is something wonderful.
Yours truly, F. J. O'NEILL,
The Yokohama Tea Store, O'Neill Bros. & Co.,
Port Huron, Mich.

My general health is very good. Have gained 8 pounds in the past year. Our druggists speak very highly of your Treatment. Yours truly,
THOMAS P. DOUGHTY,
No. 1 Union Dock, Baltimore, Md.

My customers speak very highly of your treatment, and it gives me pleasure to sell a good remedy.
THEODORIC SMITH, Druggist,
Pennsylvania Avenue and Townsend Street,
Baltimore, Md.

I have taken almost everything that has been recommended for Dyspepsia, but nothing compares with your Powders. I cannot recommend them too highly.
From Mr. W. S. Haines, General Superintendent's Office, P. R. Co., Altoona, Pa.

The improvement was instantaneous from the first, and the results permanent cure. I cannot say too much in regard to the value of your Preparation.
F. W. G. LAUER,
120 and 122 South Eighth Street,
Philadelphia.

Several thousand packages of these powders have been sold without the aid of the press or other advertising mediums, but as there are thousands of Dyspeptics who are not aware of this Treatment, I am obliged to resort to this **expensive** method, **and, I trust,** you will not class this Treatment with the worthless remedies you may have used. **Your Druggist** can readily obtain a package for you (if obliging) through the wholesale druggists who are supplied by my agents, Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Should you have any difficulty in procuring them at home, enclose One Dollar to my address, or to my agents, and you will receive a package by the next mail.

The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHILE BREATHING.

Nature intended that you should breathe through your Nose. Keep your Nostrils, free of Foul Mucus, in order that your Lungs may be supplied with Pure Air.

A Nose clogged with Foul Mucus, Poisons every breath of air entering the Lungs. Cleanse the air passages with "SNUFFENE" and enjoy New Life.

"SNUFFENE" is put up in a handsome Carmine, Enameled Hinged-Lid, Metalic Box, (convenient for the pocket,) and retails at 25 Cents, which should induce every one to obtain it and enjoy the blessing of Good Health.

The filthy habit of Hemming, Hawking and Spitting, and the swallowing of Foul Mucus is cured by SNUFFENE

Sold and recommended by over 522 Druggists in Philadelphia.

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Browning, Mo., June 19, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Furnace, Ala., June 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. B. T.

Sanderton, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. A., S. S.

Grandfork, Ill., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

J. E. F.

Hellertown, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. M. P.

Kelloggsville, N. Y., June 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

A. B.

New Hampton, Iowa, June 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

M. A. D.

Dulaney, Ky., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. G. Y.

Shelbina, Mo., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. B. P.

Sunset, Tex., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. G. J.

Christian, Tex, June 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

L. G.

Winnsboro, S. C., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. H.

Junction, N. J., June 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

W. D. S.

Rioville, Nev., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

M. I. B.

Fort Assinboine, Mon., June 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. The Post is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

L. H. K.

Lamartine, Pa., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

C. S.

Newport, R. I., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

S. M. H. S.

Facetiæ.

The shades of night gather in dew time.

Amended proverb—"Fine birds make fine feathers."

"T" is often silent; but a tea-party is the noisiest thing on record.

Velvet lawns are so called because they must be kept veil vet to remain so.

What is it that ties two persons but touches only one? A wedding-ring.

In one respect the bootblack resembles the sun. He can't shine when it rains.

Is it any wonder that a man who imbibes corn juice freely should have a "husky" voice?

At last a woman has been sunstruck while shopping. (Cut this out and paste it in your wife's hat.)

The picnic season has arrived, when youth, pleasure, green grass and white pants, meet.

"It a duty," says Mr. Ruskin, "to be nice looking." We find it not only a duty, but a downright pleasure.

An Oshkosh maiden has a profile of her recreant lover cut out of gingerbread hanging on the wall of her bedroom. She considers it just too sweet for anything.

"A reputashun," says Josh Billings, "once broken, may possibly be repaired; but the world will allwus keep their eyes on the spot where the krack was."

A negro baby was born in Georgia recently which weighed only a pound and a quarter, and a "literary feller," hearing of the circumstance, remarked that it was funny how anything so dark could be so light.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

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R. R. R.

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COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

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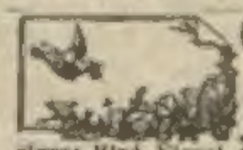

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40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

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THIS ELEGANT LADIES' WORK BOX Sent FREE to All!

The accompanying illustration represents both a miniature and an Elegant Ladies' Work Box, made of wood covered with Imitation Morocco leather, and beautifully embossed in gold. The interior is finished in blue and white, with separate compartments, and a mirror upon the inner side of the cover. The Work Box contains a pair of scissors, a silver-plated thimble, a silver-plated needle-case, a paper of fine needles, and a tape-measure. Wishing to greatly increase the already large circulation of our charming Illustrated Literary and Family paper, The Cricket on the Hearth, we now make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of only Thirty-nine Cents in postage stamps, we will send The Cricket on the Hearth for 6 Months, and to every subscriber we will also send Free and post paid, the Elegant Ladies' Work Box, with its contents as above described. The Cricket on the Hearth is a monthly 32 page, 64-column illustrated paper, filled with charming Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Puzzles, Games and Stories for the Young, Wit and Humor, and everything to please, entertain and instruct the whole family. You will be delighted with it, as well as with the valuable premium we offer. Remember, we send this splendid Ladies' Work Box free to all sending 39 cents for a six months' subscription to our paper. Five subscriptions and five work boxes at the rate for $1.95; therefore, by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own paper and premium free. This great offer is made solely to introduce our paper, and no premium offered at retail. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher of any paper in N. Y. City with whom you may deal. Address, S. H. MOORE, Publisher, No. 6 Park Place, New York.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

LIGHT woolen fabrics, in such shades as mahogany, rosewood, scabiosa, are made up into dresses, the skirts of which are pleated in long, plain pleats, fastened twice or thrice with circles of velvet, and trimmed on one side with a flowing bow of velvet ribbon.

A Persian tunic of plaid material is gathered round the peaked bodice, and looped up very high on the left side.

Collar and facings of unbleached Adrianople lace, embroidered with colors, with a velvet bow and strap buckle laid upon the hair.

A very pretty toilet is of flax-gray cashmere and surah. The surah skirt is entirely pleated, and partly covered with a second skirt of cashmere, cut out round the foot into shallow scallops, and trimmed with tassels of silk and wool; small draped tablier, finished at the back into a large bow trimmed with tassels; cashmere jacket-bodice opening to show a vest of surah; the back and side pieces are prolonged into a small puff below the waist.

Cockade bows are all the fashion. They are made up of a number of loops and tapered ends of narrow velvet, satin, or faille ribbon, either monochrome or of several colors, and are used for trimming dresses, mantles, and bonnets; flowers are also arranged into large cockade-like clusters for the bodice, coiffure, and bonnet trimming.

Very pretty capotes are composed of a network of gold or silver thread, or fine straw-plait with tiny grelots.

Others are of fine cambric matched to the color of the costume, and trimmed with gold lace.

The cambric strings are edged with fine gold braid; others, again, are entirely covered with gold braid, coiled spiral-fashion from the centre of the crown to the edge of the border.

The border is edged with white lace and trimmed on the left side with a cluster of light-colored feathers; strings to match are tied near the left ear.

The fruit-basket bonnets are far less rustic-looking than those of last summer; they are made of plaited straw of two colors, and trimmed with clusters of flowers or fruit.

Sunshades are larger than ever, and most voluminous with their lace flounces, their gigantic handle, and flowing bows of ribbon.

The style of handle considered most chic is the Japanese sword; but finely-carved ivory handles are in better taste, if less fanciful. Summer fans are enormous and more bizarre than ever.

Red is still the favorite color for both sunshades and fans, especially for the country and sea-side. Bright scarlet, however, is less in favor than such shades as fire, copper, nasturtium, terra-cotta, and crushed strawberry.

In colors gray is decidedly popular, and whole costumes of it, bonnet or hat included, may be seen.

Steel, bronze, and gold beads, or braids, form the trimming.

The shade is rather a dark one. The rich cherry red, ponceau, is gaining favor, and will certainly be popular for autumn wear, especially for brunettes. The other leading colors are chocolate brown, and various shades of bronze-green.

Of course the crushed strawberry and ripe gooseberry are included; but on their heels is treading a lovely delicate pale rose-pink—especially in ribbons for smart toilettes, feather aigrettes, and pompons.

In silken goods the last novelty is a flight of bright-plumaged birds in brocade over black and white satin grounds.

This is intended for the fronts of costumes, but the black is also made up into mantles, trimmed with lace. In black brocaded velvet gauze there is a large vine-leaf design outlined in old-gold, crushed strawberry or yellow, which is very handsome; and in colors there is a rich brown velvet brocade on a pale brown ground, a terra-cotta on a new deep shade of green, and exquisite tints of pale-blues, mauves, and pinks, all of which are much worn this season.

In the lighter materials there is a new wide nun's veiling with stripes at distances of large roses and leaves, in several colors, which is most effective for late costumes; also a thinner kind, block printed with chine flowers, in five or six colors, on cream crushed strawberry, and pale blue grounds. These are made up over batiste and profusely trimmed with cream lace.

A dust-colored grass lawn, with brocaded colored flowers sparsely covering the surface, formed a stylish dress, mounted on color, with the front composed of flounces of dust-colored lace.

Ecru Saxony lace in the piece, with the pine pattern over it, is new, and looks effective draped over colored sateen, with a gracefully draped princess polonaise of lace over color, looped with flots of ribbon velvet.

This draping over color is extremely popular this season, especially in black brochè gauze over red or gold—giving a short appearance.

Chantilly lace over color is worn by young ladies both for day or evening toilettes.

Crepe, which one generally associates with mourning, is now fashionable in several colors, particularly terra-cotta, arranged as drapery over satin, or as bands for trimming.

It has the regular mourning crepe waved surface. One of the prettiest designs in sateens is a cluster of cherry blossom on a colored ground.

Brown mantles will be almost as popular as black ones, and the chocolate brocaded velvet on gauze, trimmed with brown lace and beads, are verp handsome.

There are some capes composed entirely of rows of black Chantilly edged with jet, and fastened on one shoulder with loops of satin, holding a tiny bouquet of black feathers. In dust cloaks, small checks reign supreme.

In hats and bonnets, fawn-colored satin straw, trimmed with wallflower velvet, and the flower on one side, is much worn; also with old-gold and long drooping feathers. The bonnet crown, of lace or net, are "tucked," and others composed of gold silk cord, deftly twisted round and round. White chip hats for handsome wear are edged and trimmed with cream lace ruches have two very large rosettes of cut velvet ribbon to the front, a smaller one on the pointed brim, and are tied under the chin with the same velvet. Pale pink is the favorite color.

Among the morning dresses are several of openwork cream batiste embroidery over pale-colored Surat.

The skirt and jacket are separate, and entirely of embroidery over the color, except in front, where the silk forms kilting down the centre of the skirt, and a loose shirt down the front of the jacket.

Cream lace cascades peep out daintily from basque, cuffs, and collar. Finely kilted cream nun's veiling, and the new kind, stamped with the old day chints patterns, recently revived, are fashionable; also muslin, profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

The new Japanese parasols, though plain and black outside, afford considerable amusement within, for round the ecru lining of some, run processions of monkeys in gay attire; on others solemn lines of correctly costumed foxes are following the bier of a deceased friend; while on a third variety, frogs and lizards are rollicking among water lilies, in every conceivable attitude.

The handles are the knotted ones, and which take two or three years to twist into the required shape, aided by the hand of man.

How deftly some fingers twist up a bit of lace, or gather up a small fancy handkerchief into a bow or rosette. And such fingers are always busy now, for it is a favorite amusement in leisure moments to make up many pretty arrangements in lace and ribbon.

One of the newest is a plaiting of lace sewn down one side of a narrow band, reaching from throat to bust, with a succession of loops of baby satin ribbon, or rows of velvet, down the other, forming a heading.

Another to form a tolerably wide scarf into the semblance of a waistcoat, by fastening it at the throat with a buckle and loops of ribbon, spreading it out and then gathering it close together at the waist, with a second buckle and mass of loops. "Fedora" is the name given to a somewhat similar arrangement, in black or cream lace, which forms a falling collar, and a vest. Simulated waistcoats of lace, satin and beads, with tiny pockets, are worn by elderly ladies, when they require something to smarten up a plain dress. They are merely pinned on down the front of the bodice.

Fireside Chat.

INEXPENSIVE ENTREES.

SAVORY FRITTERS.—These may be made from any cold meat, or rabbit, or chicken, white meat being best adapted for the purpose.

Cut the meat into neat small pieces, dip each into batter, and fry them a light brown color in plenty of boiling fat; drain them well, pile them high on a dish, and pour round, but not over them, a good brown sauce, well flavored with fresh tomatoes, if in season, if not, with tomato sauce. Fritters of cold calf's head.—Cut into small round slices, lay them in a pie dish, strew over them some chopped chives, tarragon, and parsley, the juice of half a lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

After remaining in this pickle for two or three hours—not forgetting to turn them occasionally, so that both sides may obtain the flavoring—take them out, drain them well from the moisture, dip in batter, and fry a light golden color in enough boiling fat to well cover them.

They must be served very hot, piled high in a dish on a napkin.

Calves' feet fritters.—If calf's foot jelly has to be made, the meat remaining after the boiling down may be well utilized in this way. They must not be allowed to boil for jelly until they fall to pieces, nor would it be necessary for the jelly's sake to do this; but while firm, though well-boiled remove them from the stock, take out the bones (returning these to the stock to continue boiling for the sweet jelly), and lay the meat flatly on a dish to get cold.

When cold cut them into small pieces, dip each in batter, and fry them a light brown color; these must be well drained from the fat, piled high on a dish, and sent to table as hot as possible with the following sauce poured round them:

Thicken half a pint of stock with corn flour or arrowroot, add two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, one of sauce, a little salt, and a lump of sugar, with a little browning, if necessary, to make it a good color.

Croquettes of Pork.—Cold roast pork is the best for this purpose. Take about half a pound, chop it very finely, mix with it a tablespoonful flour, well chop a small onion and an eschalot, and boil them in a teacupful of good stock; add to this the floured meat, flavoring it with pepper, salt, and a tiny bit of sage, also well chopped. Make this up in the form of sausages, slightly flattened; egg and bread crumb them, and fry them a light-brown color.

The remains of any cold meat may be used for croquettes made in the same way, omitting the sage, and adding a little mushroom catsup or sauce; in doing so, care must be taken not to make the mixture too moist.

A few spoonfuls of cold mashed potato, of bread crumbs, or of cold well-boiled rice may be mixed with the mince; less meat will then be required, and the croquettes will if anything, be nicer.

Scallops of Chickens or Veal.—Let the meat be cut into very thin slices and then chopped, but not too finely; put it into a stewpan with a little white sauce, or, if there is none ready made, in another saucepan thicken a little stock with flour, and add a tablespoonful of cream or good milk (if milk, a little bit of butter must be added); season with salt and pepper, and a very little nutmeg; let this boil, stirring constantly, until thick enough; add this sauce to the meat, and let it remain simmering, stirring it the while for a few minutes; fill scallop shells with this, cover with fresh bread crumbs, sprinkle them over with oiled butter, and put them in the oven until they are a light brown color.

Savory Puffs.—With the remains of any cold game, or, indeed, with any kind of cold meat, these may be made. It should be cut into thin shavings not larger than a shilling, and perfectly free from all skin and gristle.

Mix this with a few spoonfuls of rich brown gravy; if you have none ready, fry an onion in a little good dripping, when brown stir in a tablespoonful of flour, a pinch of salt, and half a pint of stock; let them boil together, stirring all the time until of the desired thickness; strain into a basin, and let it remain until cold; remove the fat, add a few drops of catsup or Harvey sauce, and it is then fit for use. In mixing the meat with this gravy, care must be taken not to make the mixture very moist, or it would run out of the paste in baking.

Have ready some light puff paste (3oz. of butter to 6oz. of flour will be enough for a dish and sufficiently rich), roll it out very thin, divide it in pieces, put a little of the meat in each, and form them into puffs; brush them over with white of egg, and let them be quickly baked a delicate golden color.

If chicken, rabbit, or any white meat be used it must be mixed with white sauce, as in the above recipe for scallops of chicken, instead of with brown gravy.

Savory Boulettes.—These are perhaps best made of beef; but they are excellent made of mutton, game, or any kind of brown meat.

To a pound of beefsteak allow a quarter of a pound of suet, chop them together finely, flavor with chopped parsley and lemon peel, a small piece of pounded mace, a tiny grate of ginger, a very little cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of moist sugar, and a little salt.

Mix these with four tablespoonfuls of fresh bread crumbs and the yolk and white of an egg well beaten.

Let these be well mixed together, and then formed into balls about the size of a Tangerine orange.

Have ready made a good brown gravy, which must be boiling when the boulettes are put in; let them simmer gently for four hours over a slow fire, taking care that the lid of the stewpan be perfectly closed. Served them piled up in the centre of a dish, with a border of dressed spinach, sorrel, endive, or mashed turnips.

Correspondence.

R. V. A., (Boston, Mass.)—*Repousse*—pronounced repoossay—is what is more familiarly called embossing—*i. e.*, ornament in relief, produced by punching up from the reverse side.

T. L. M., (Chester, Pa.)—1. Yes; we think unity of feeling so desirable that antagonism of religious views is undesirable in marriage. 2. Not when the parties are affianced.

T. N. M., (Penobscot, Me.)—Molasses is not of itself interesting, but, like all sugars, it can be fermented, and so far used as a substitute for malt; and, when thus treated, the same product—alcohol—results.

GODFREY, (Camden, N. J.)—"*Raca*" was an epithet of extreme contempt. It was equivalent to calling a man a fool. The word was Syriac, and meant "beggarly;" as used in Mark v. 22, it may be taken for a typical or representative specimen of the most insulting abuse.

READER, (Phila., Pa.)—The term catchpenny originated, it is said, just after the execution in London of one Weare for murder. A publisher named Catchpin printed a penny ballad, entitled, "We are Alive Again." When cried on the streets it sold to the extent of two million, five hundred thousand copies, the persons buying supposing from the sound that the ballad had reference to Weare. It came, therefore, to be spoken of as a "catchpenny affair."

WILLIAM, (Mason, Ill.)—Freckles can be removed, but they almost always return. The method is simply to apply something—usually one of the lead ointments—which will remove the cuticle, and the coloring matter comes away with it. It is necessary to avoid exposure to the sun and wind to prevent them coming back very quickly. Freckles disfigure so very little that we should think any man very silly who went to all this trouble to get rid of them for a time.

LEONAS, (Trenton, Wis.)—If the lady is in the habit of using the initials of her maiden name in her usual signature, and if you are sufficiently intimate with her to allow you to address her by her first name, you should, of course, use these initials if you have occasion to put any inscription on a present to her. If you do not know the lady very well it would be better to use her husband's name, as you would in addressing a letter to her—as, for instance, Mrs. John Brook.

MAY, (Delaware, Iowa.)—A good proof-reader is like a poet, "born, not made." The necessary qualifications are simply a good English education, although, of course, a knowledge of ancient and modern languages is desirable. You should apply in writing to some of the large printing-houses, stating your qualifications concisely, and referring, if possible, to persons who know you, and whose statements about you would carry weight.

MRS. A. L., (Norristown, Pa.)—1. The size of your dining-room and the limits of your table should determine the number of your guests, and, if possible, you should invite an equal number of gentlemen and ladies. 2. When the guests are seated, the soup is served by the servants, or if the dinner is an informal one, the tureen is placed in front of the hostess, and she sends the plates by the servants first to the right and then to the left, until all at the table are served.

M. N. S., (Charles, M. D.)—Even an outline of the British conquests in India would require much space. The first territory held by England in India was a strip of ground about Fort St. George, founded by Thomas Day, in 1639, and was acquired by purchase. The British empire in the East is usually supposed to date from the battle of Plassey, June 23d, 1757. Since that time conquest and annexation have given England control of the whole peninsula and the island of Ceylon.

B. F. T., (Chicago, Ill.)—The best way to cure stammering is to practice lip and tongue movements—thinking the words and making believe to say them, but only moving the lips and tongue without uttering any sound. Do this for some time daily, and, when you feel you can command the muscles of the mouth, use the voice, but not before. Try this for a month, and let us hear the result. You can practice before a glass if you like, but it is generally better to make the exercise simply one of consciousness.

T. E. M., (Toland, Conn.)—To keep the hair from falling out use the following wash: Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor; powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be ready for use; damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies, and strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

LEWIS, (Camden, N. J.)—Fresh water rivers are generally brackish near the sea. The extent of the admixture of salt with fresh water depends on the direction and force of the stream or current. The flow of the river is, of course, towards the sea, and its water is fresh. It can be only where and when the outflow of the river is counter-balanced by sea, or perhaps there is even some rising of the sea-water into the mouth of the river, that the water of the latter is salt. This happens principally, if not exclusively, in tidal rivers.

PLUCK, (Dover, Delaware.)—Do you, as a rule, send the editors of newspapers model articles by which to correct their opinions and improve their methods of treating their subjects? If you do, it is easy to guess where they go—namely, into the waste-paper basket. It does not seem to occur to some readers that a publication is, like a pulpit, a medium through which certain persons promulgate their views. Those who do not like these views are not compelled to accept them. They may even decline to hear or read them; but, if they presume to criticise them, they should at least do so courteously.

FLORIE, (Logan, W. Va.)—Stay there till you are twenty, or older, and if you make the best of your opportunities you should come out with a character lofty enough to make a man at all worthy of your esteem feel that a little money would not be a barrier between you and him. Do not be afraid of losing your youth by this course. One who develops naturally, quietly and fully, intellectually and physically, is likely to be younger at twenty-five in all things in which youth is desirable—in health and strength, in hopes and possibilities—than many are at twenty who have passed four years in the pursuit of excitement, often with reckless disregard to health.